THE BLOOD-FIEND OF WAPPING.

VOL. II. No. 10.] By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. [JULY 15, 1902.

THE PLAYGOER

6D

NET

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON: DAWBARN & W

The Geisha Tea House,

Open on Sundays, 3-6.

2 Gildredge Road, Eastbourne.

Afternoon Teas a Specialité.

Schools Specially Catered for.

Tennis Parties, Etc.

Russian Tea.

Smoking Room.

Games.

Cigarettes.

Cigars.

Turkish Coffee.

Cold Luncheons.

ALL ILLUSTRATED LONDON PAPERS TAKEN.

Ices.

Ice Cream Sodas.

De Bry's Chocolates.

The New Tobacco

Beeswing

Golden Flaked Cavendish

Manufactured at the International Bonded Tobacco Works, Liverpool.

BORD'S PIANOS

25 per cent. Discount for Cash or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the Three Years' System. — Lists free of C. STILES & CO., 40 and 42 Southampton Row, London, W.C. PIANOS EXCHANGED.

BECHSTEIN PIANOS

These magnificent Pianos for Hire on the Three Years' System, at advantageous prices and terms.—Lists and particulars free of CHAS. STILES & CO., 40 and 42 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

"SNIPERS" C.I.V. SMOKING MIXTURE

Medium, 1/8 ½-lb. tin; Mild, 2/3 ½-lb. tin.

Sent post free at above prices for trial. Testimonials received from DAN LENO, HARRY RANDALL, *The Major*, *To-Day*, CLEMENT SCOTT'S *Free Lance*, Dr. COLE, etc.

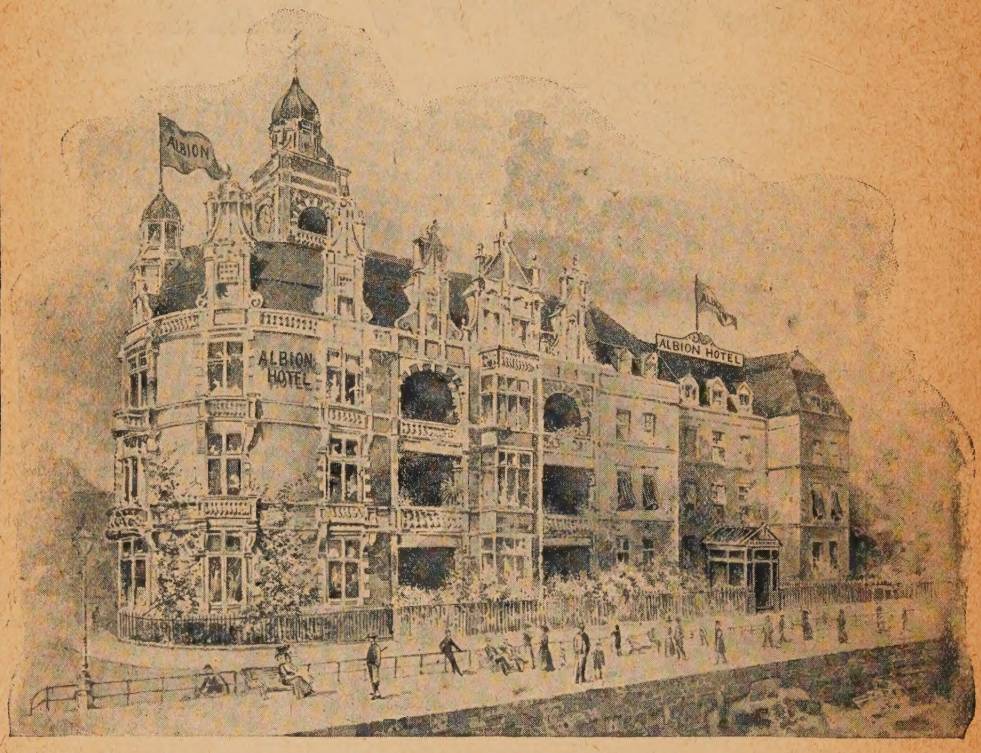
FREE GIFT Send us 6s. 8d. for 1-lb. "Snipers" (Medium), and we will send you the tobacco, Carriage Paid, and enclose **A HANDSOME BRIAR PIPE, value 1s. 6d.**, absolutely FREE. **OR,**

Send 9s. for 1-lb. "Snipers" (Mild), and we will send you **A HANDSOME BRIAR PIPE, IN CASE, value 3s.** You pay no extra for the gift. This offer cannot be kept open long.

FOYLE & SONS, Tobacconists' Providers, 37 HOUNDSDITCH, LONDON, E.C.

The Albion Hotel, Eastbourne.

"To me Eastbourne is the Albion, and the Albion is Eastbourne."
G. R. Sims (Dagonet) in the *Referee*.



The Most Charming Hotel on all the South Coast, directly facing the Sea.

NOTED for its First-Class CUISINE and Celebrated Stock of VINTAGE WINES.

The Most Economical First-class Hotel in Eastbourne.

A Cycle House. Good Stabling.

GEORGE ELLIS, Proprietor.

Mr. Macqueen's List.

The Night Side of London.

NOW READY.

Demy 8vo, **6s.**

By ROBERT MACHRAY,
Author of "The Vision Splendid," "Sir Hector," etc.
With over 90 Original Drawings by TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A.

Academy.—"Thorough and tactful. . . . . Has distinct value as a record."
Scotsman.—"A strange and fascinating panorama of human life in various aspects, now tragic, now comic. The pictures of that talented artist, Mr. Tom Browne, bear out the text admirably.'
Daily Chronicle.—"A faithful account."

FIFTH IMPRESSION, completing **12,000** copies.
"WORTHY OF THE HAND THAT DREW 'WEIR OF HERMISTON.'"—*The Times*.

The House with the Green Shutters.

6s. By GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Mr. ANDREW LANG.—"The style is so good that one does not think about it."
Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER.—"I anticipate an enormous success for this book."
Outlook.—"A notable and, in a sense, tremendous book."
Spectator.—"Of engrossing interest and remarkable power."
Academy.—"We are glad to notice, amongst the six books which were most in demand in America during April, Mr. Douglas's 'House with the Green Shutters.'"

A NEW EDITION, consisting of **20,000** copies.

The Sign of the Cross.

By WILSON BARRETT.
Crown 8vo, **2s.** net.

No. 99.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,
Author of "The Rome Express," "Fast and Loose," etc. **3s. 6d.**

St. James's Gazette.—"The plot is ingenious, and teems with such mysteries for the reader in his endeavours to find the criminal as are sure to compel him to look at the end of the story before he has reached the middle."

NEW SIXPENNY EDITIONS.

SOME EMOTIONS AND A MORAL — By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.
THE BARON'S SONS - - - By MAURICE JOKAI.
JOAN AND MRS. CARR - - - By "RITA."

JOHN MACQUEEN, 49 Rupert Street, London, W.

Our Pompadour, 6/6.

IT will pay every Lady to send for our ILLUSTRATED LIST (post free), showing the latest Fashions and Improvements in Fringes, Transformations, etc.

Tails of pure hair, 20 ins. long, 5/-, direct from the

Universal Hair Manufaoturing Co.

84 Foxberry Road, Brockley, London, S.E.

Large-sized Fringe Nets, 2/- per half-dozen.

TELEPHONE No. 159. TELEPHONE No. 159.

BROWN, BARNES, & BELL,

Photographers to the late Queen Victoria by Special Warrant of Appointment.

Royal Studios, 31 BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL

Where some of the finest Photographs in the world are produced.

Photography in all its branches of the Highest Class and at Moderate Prices.

Please Note.—Special Terms to Professionals.

Eyesight.

FOR COMFORT, AND A SOOTHING EFFECT, USE

"Silex" Lens

Spectacles or Folders,

1/6 per pair.

Sight Tested by Skilled Refractionists.

Send or call for interesting Booklet, free—

NATIONAL SILEX OPTICAL CO.

108 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

GOLD MEDALLISTS.

SPECIALITIES.

Evening Dress Suit - - 4 Gs.

Frock Coat (Silk-faced) *& Vest 3 Gs.*

Raglan Chester (Waterproof) *3 Gs.*

JOHN J. M. BULT,

Cash Tailor,

140 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

Norfolk Suit - - 60/-

Lounge Suit - - 50/-

Blue Serge Suit - - 50/-

The largest Selection of Flannel and other Fancy Suitings in the City.

Mr. Maxwell Ryder

THOROUGHLY PREPARES approved PUPILS for the Stage, Lyric or Dramatic, and GUARANTEES them Professional Engagements.

(1) Stagecraft taught on one of the finest stages in London.

(2) Not one guaranteed pupil who has been under Mr. Ryder during the past fifteen years is out of an engagement at the present moment.

Interview by appointment only.

Particulars: address 24 CAMERA SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Birkbeck Bank

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

2½% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS repayable on demand. **2½%**

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*

STAINER'S

Banjos, Mandolines, and Violins are the best value in the world.

A single article at wholesale price, and sent carriage paid anywhere in the U.K. An easy Self-instructor sent with each instrument. Send for our Price List, Free on application.—THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd. (D Dept.), 92 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

THE PLAYGOER

An Illustrated Magazine of the Stage and all Entertainments

Edited by FRED DANGERFIELD

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1902

	PAGE
THE LAST LOÄD HOÄM. A Pastoral	193
Frontispiece: MISS MARIE STUDHOLME. A Portrait	194
THE BLOOD-FIEND OF WAPPING. By John Hollingshead. Illustrated	195
"PARIS IN LONDON." ROUND THE EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT. Illustrated	201
BOX PLANS OF LONDON	212
PARIS: THE MOULIN ROUGE. By Geo. Cecil. Illustrated	214
THE STAGE OF TO-DAY. Illustrated:—	
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	215
HOLLY TREE INN	217
SAPHO	218
THREE LITTLE MAIDS	220
ZAZA	224

[*Continued on next page.*

To Reduce your Dress Bills

call at the

IDEAL DRESS AGENCY,

104 VICTORIA STREET,

or send for Monthly Price List and Book of Rules. By Post, **2d.**

DELICIOUS

RED WHITE & BLUE COFFEE.

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary coffee.

CONTENTS—Continued

PAGE

THE PLAYGOER'S DIARY 226

A SUCCESSFUL LION TAMER. Illustrated 226

THINGS MUSICAL. By MALCOLM LAWSON. Illustrated . . . 227

"A PLAY OF LOVE." By T. PARKER 230

THE BURMESE DRAMA. By MAX FERRARS. Illustrated . . . 231

THE EMPIRE. AN HOUR AT LONDON'S SMARTEST HALL. By ROLAND BELFORT 235

"OUR CROWN" AT THE EMPIRE. Illustrated 238

THE LIGHTER SIDE, etc. 240

SONG-BIRDS OF NOTE 241

PLAYGROUNDS FOR PLAYGOERS: HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S. Illustrated 242

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP. Illustrated 248

BOOKS AND MUSIC. Illustrated 254

All rights reserved.

Published on the 15th of each month.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor of THE PLAYGOER is always glad to receive suggestions, and to consider bright articles or paragraphs, with or without illustrations. He will not hold himself responsible for contributions submitted, and will not return those which are unaccompanied by stamps, though he will endeavour to return those with which stamps are inclosed, if unable to accept them for publication.

All contributions must be in clearly legible MSS. or type-script, and must be on one side of the paper only.

THE EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES of THE PLAYGOER are at Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C. Telegrams:—"FOTOMETRO, LONDON." Telephone:—1926, HOLBORN.

THE PUBLISHING OFFICES of THE PLAYGOER are at 6 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C. Telephone:—1926, HOLBORN.

WILL CORRESPONDENTS address editorial matter to the editorial offices, and publishing matter to the publishing offices.

St James's Electric, Vapour, and Hot-Air Baths,

ALSO MEDICAL MASSAGE,

At 61 JERMYN STREET, ST JAMES'S, W.

* * * * *

Mrs Wiseman, Established in London since 1888.

Sea View.

THIS HOUSE has now been established Thirty years, and is situated in the most attractive part of Grand Parade. The view from the front windows extends from Hastings to Beachy Head.

It is within one minute's walk of Devonshire Park, Baths, Concert Room, Theatre, etc.

All the Reception Rooms face the sea. Smoking Room and Dining Room on the ground floor, Drawing Room and Recreation Room on the 1st floor. The large Entrance Hall is also a very favourite lounge, both in winter and summer.

The above-mentioned Rooms and the Hall are large, airy, and well ventilated, lighted throughout with Electric Light, and in winter heated by hot air.

There are three good Bathrooms, well supplied with hot and cold water.

Telegraphic Address—"MORTIS," EASTBOURNE. *Telephone*—0419.

Full particulars on application to the Secretary.

TO THE MAN THAT UNDERSTANDS A GOOD CIGAR.

ROTHSCHILDS, 14/- per 100.

Don't buy a box, but send **1s.** for samples, post free. We should not say this, if the cigars were not good value.

This represents exact size of Non Plus Ultra.

NON PLUS ULTRA, 20/- per 100.

BURLINGTON R. CADE, in the *Free Lance*, says:—"I have recently tried the Hudson Bay Cigars, and found them very good; and what a price—about a quarter that of Havanas! Of course I don't profess to gauge all tastes, but I am sure many of my readers would find these Cigars very enjoyable."

FOYLE & SONS, 37 Houndsditch, London, E.C.

"THE WYCHE"

Private Hotel AND Boarding House.

West Cliff, Bournemouth.

"THE WYCHE" stands on the West Cliff overlooking the Valley, Pavilion and Winter Gardens, to the Sea, and Isle of Wight. Three minutes from Sea, and five from Pier and Pleasure Gardens. NEAREST WEST STATION.

Terms:—From 30/- per Week (inclusive).

ED. WHITTINGHAM, Proprietor.

Emaciolets (Regd.)

The latest and most effectual remedy for superfluous flesh; harmless, easily taken, and absolutely without a rival. Price **11/-** and **20/-**. ELECTRICAL FACE TREATMENT, Manicure, and new Scientific Method of reducing Double Chin.

Single Face Treatment, **7/6**; Course of Six, **30/-**.

HEBE CREAM, **2/9** post free; ROSALINE LOTION, **2/9** post free; HELENE LOTION, **3/9** post free.

Hours .. .. 10.30 to 6.
Saturdays .. 10.30 to 2.

Write for particulars and testimonials to

Madam Gilbert,
200 Regent Street, London, W.

'Hints to the Gentler Sex.'
BOOKLET. *Post Free.*

MRS. SEYMOUR.

HYGIENIC COMPLEXION TREATMENT.

Terms:
Single Treatment, **7/6**; Course of Six., **30/-**; Neck and Arms, **7/6**; Throat, **5/-**.

ELECTROLYSIS,

the only safe and permanent method of removing superfluous hairs. Fee **10/6** each sitting.

Consultation and advice free.

List of Toilet Specialities sent Post Free.

Hours, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturdays to 2 p.m.

124 New Bond St., London, W.

The . .

International Dress Agency

110 VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

Provides excellent facilities for the Sale on Commission of Up-to-date Wearing Apparel of every description.

CHARMING DAY, EVENING GOWNS AND LACE, BRIC-A-BRAC, ETC.

Can be Purchased at Moderate Prices.

Send Stamp for Particulars.

The Last Loäd Hoäm

A Pastoral. **From a Pastoral Play.**

What did ye do, and what did ye saäy,
Wi' the wild white rose, an' the woodbine sa gaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd an' the sky sa blue—
What did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
When ye thowt there were nawbody watchin' o' you,
And you an' your Sally was forkin' the haäy
At the end of the daäy
For the last loäd hoäm?

What did we do, and what did we saäy,
Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa graäy?
Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,
What we mowt saäy, and what we mowt do,
When me an' my Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy
For the last loäd hoäm?

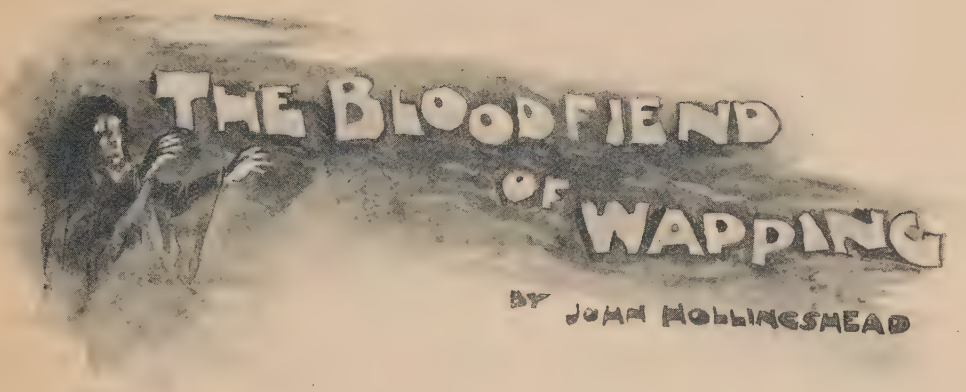
But what did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy,
An' the midders all mowed an' the sky sa blue?
Why coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it to you:
For me an' my Sally we sweared to be true,
To be true to each other let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end of the daäy
And the last loäd hoäm.

—From *The Promise of May*, Act II.
By Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

By L... & Walery.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME

Who so charmingly impersonates "Dora Selby" in *The Toreador* at the Gaiety Theatre.



THE vagabond is born, not made. I was born. I might have been a professional cricketer, and I certainly could have been that rare *infant* prodigy—a juvenile skittle-sharp. I trained up to a certain point, with the Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, and Britannia Fields gang as an acrobat and juggler, but being left to myself, I became a hanger-on of anything in the shape of a playhouse.

The perfumes of Araby the blest were not so enticing to me as the smell of escaped gas (where gas was used, which was not everywhere), stale orange peel, coarse printers' play-bill ink (a peculiar scent), with a faint dash of faulty drainage. This was long before the time of microbes, bacilli and typhoid. Everything of this kind was called "cholera-morbus." I had a good pick for my limited pocket-money. There was Sadler's Wells with real water, and the drunken but clever son of an estimable man, although only a clown—but the one clown of the nineteenth century—Grimaldi. There were the hunted booth-managers, like "old Saunders," who "pitched" on any bit of vacant ground by the roadside, till they were "moved on" by the authorities. These authorities regarded play-acting as a crime, almost as heinous as highway robbery by pitch-plasters; there were the "saloon theatres" where the speculative proprietors had only to dabble in Shakespeare to be imprisoned for six months with hard labour. Outside this area there were liberty and variety—not to say licence. Subterranean caves existed where men were the only audience, and any verbal filth could be used for songs by singers, not without talent, but with little or no sense of decency and responsibility. The better class of saloon theatres were fortunately in the hands of inspired publicans, and they taught the directors of the patent theatres a lesson by example, which, if they had not been pig-headed chartered monopolists, drunk with the opiate fumes of protection, they would have learnt and copied.

I soon had to decide, in family slang, what I "should be," which also meant what I should "do and should suffer." I drifted. I got my nose into a hybrid establishment—at the East End, near the docks—a place that may be described as a theatre behind its time, and a music hall before its age. It was dirty, greasy, yellow, and shabby. It stank of tobacco and sawdust. It had and required no licence.

The magic words "Music and Dancing—Licenced pursuant to Act of Parliament 25 King Geo. II."—covered everything, except one thing—drink. This was fully provided for. It was a licensed public-house, holding a magistrates' seven-day licence, on and off, so order, morality, and public revenue were secured. The one thing barred was Shakespeare, but the line was not drawn at taste and the musical glasses. It must be drawn somewhere.

It was a peculiar, not to say a mysterious place. The landlord or proprietor, report said, had been a strong man in a circus, working with Belzoni, who afterwards became the celebrated Egyptian traveller, and explored the interior of the pyramids at the risk of his life. The first thing Belzoni saw,

as he was grovelling on his stomach, on the sands that Pharaoh trod, was a fresco picture representing a woman riding a barebacked steed in a circus: standing and throwing up three balls *à la* Ramo Samee. It appears there is nothing new, even under the pyramids.

The proprietor, whose name was Potts—plain Potts—(he had dropped the title of "Signor Tazza"), found his physical qualifications very useful. It is needless to say he was his own "chucker out." This saved both trouble and expense. His object was not to destroy a customer, but to warn him. His chucking out powers were once strikingly useful in another direction. Next door we had a wholesale dealer in what are generally called "wild beasts," many bought from sailors, and secured with every observance of the 25th of King Bumble, cap. 36. Occasionally, however, these observances were not more restraining than the Act of Parliament that governed them. One day a young lion appeared at the bar of "Potts' Palace" (for that is what Potts called it, being a little in advance of his time), and seemed inclined to try the saveloys displayed on the counter. Potts was fortunately present, and equal to the occasion. Disregarding his panic-stricken barmaids and barman, he threw the saveloys to the animal and then covered him with a large mackintosh cape. By this time his owner—the "dealer in wild beasts"—arrived, with a crowd at his heels, and went to work as if such disturbances were of everyday occurrence. A muzzle and lasso-cord were thrown over the head of the animal, who, to do him justice, seemed afraid of the crowd, and appeared glad to be conveyed to his hutch in the back yard of the dealer. A tremendous bar trade was done by Potts for a couple of days after this event. He had no occasion to regret the "alarming incident," as the papers called it.

My duties at Potts' Palace were to make myself generally useful, and I performed them with conscientious industry. An accident caused my promotion (for so I considered it) to stage work. One of the "turns" which helped to fill the *Musical Mélange* and *Intermezzo*, as it was grandly called, between the opening drama and the final piece—sometimes ballet, and sometimes a mutilated opera sketch—broke down, and I was tempted to fill the gap. I was then stage manager, combined with call-boy and luggage-boy. The last call-boy had died of old age. I found a mangy monkey dress in the wardrobe, and I gave an imitation of a Brazilian ape which I had seen Mr. Maurice do at the Albert Saloon at Hoxton. The dress, being rather large, interfered a little with the acrobatic part of my performance, but as I was very imitative, I gibbered, screeched and scratched in the approved style, and ended by climbing up the proscenium frame into one of the stage boxes with the intention of frightening the occupants. I found I had made a mistake. The occupants were a party of Malays—sailors or pirates, perhaps both, smoking opium pipes. They knew more about real monkeys than I did about saloon theatres. Their advances were not friendly, so I scrambled down the proscenium in a hurry and fell upon the stage. Fortunately, I saved my retreat from failure by a timely flip-flap, and I was rewarded with a round of applause. This round was substantial. It took the usual form of a shower of coppers.

We saw plenty of variety at our dingy theatre, and occasionally we indulged in the luxury of "stars." We had a principal ballet dancer who was once an attraction at the West End, and was content to be made a leading feature in a little ballet of action at Potts'. What she was not content with was the way in which she was announced. She preferred what she fully believed to be French. She complained to me of the wording of the programme.

"I think that Mr. Potts has made a mistake."

"In what way?" I asked, with all politeness.

"I'm not a 'principal dancer,' she replied, "as the bill says; I'm a 'praymire dansoose'."

A young boy at that time was making a sensation at the taverns in and about Whitechapel, by giving imitations of Edmund Kean. His parents or friends took him round at night, and he gave his recitations in the various "parlours," standing on a table. We had him for a week, and he proved a "draw." His name was Frederick Robson, and he afterwards became the greatest tragi-comic actor of his time.

I was delighted to welcome "Monsieur Gouffe, the man monkey," for a week's engagement (with a benefit), as I was always a keen student of monkey "business." I brushed up my French, thinking I should have to speak it, but M. Gouffe was quite as English as I was. I may say, quite as Cockney.

It was a very pleasant week. He played *Jocko, the Brazilian Ape*, the most celebrated

pantomimic monkey playlet in France and England. On Friday, for his benefit, he added *Valentine and Orson*, playing Orson. At rehearsal the "business" to be performed when "Orson is endowed with reason" was not clearly defined, and a discussion arose. "What's my cue?" asked the man-monkey.

"'Orson is endowed with reason.'"

"Right you are," he replied with decision. "Then I'll run round three times outside the rail of the gallery."

The applicants that we had for "turns" were always numerous, and very often strange. One dismal foggy morning a thin gaunt man came in with a silent tread, reaching me with the suddenness of a slider. He was dressed in a dark suit of clothing that seemed to change colour with the rapidity of a lime-light effect at the will of the wearer. His head looked like a "black and white" study of the "Wandering Jew," except that his eyes had not the weary dulness of that restless personage. They were sharp, piercing, and petrifying, and they also seemed to change colour at will. As he laid a hand-bill on the table in my little office, I felt as if I had touched a galvanic battery. The handbill had a name on it which seemed to be phosphorescent printing. It was "Katterfelto." All engagements of this kind were made by me, and we soon came to business. He had an "Illusion."

He asked to see the stage and the traps. We had plenty of these latter for our comic ballets, and they were all in good working order. "There is one trap," I said, "which I cannot show you, as the guv'nor keeps the key. I don't know where it leads to and don't care: it's no business of mine. I can show you the 'Vampire' trap, if you like." He glanced at me till I shivered. "Why do you call it a 'Vampire' trap?" he asked. "I don't know," I replied, and I was about to say, "I don't care," but he stopped me by gripping my arm. I felt a galvanic shock, followed by numbness, and heard what seemed to me to be a distant sepulchral voice. "You'll know and care, soon enough." I think the voice finished with "poor fool!" but I was too unnerved to take much notice.

The night came for the "Illusion," and the Chameleon Illusionist. I was secretly sorry I had made the engagement, but it was too late to cancel it. When the curtain rose, and "Katterfelto," as he called himself, glided on the stage dressed in black from head to foot, even with a black shirt and collar, the only relief being an enormous blood-stone in the centre of his chest, which glared with rich red colour, there was deep silence in the house. After a minute, which seemed an hour, murmurs began to arise, and murmurs at Potts' Palace often were the prelude to a storm. The audience was always very mixed in nationality, habits, and taste, and was too used to Amok runners in the streets, to be very particular about life, law, or property. The man on the stage looked at them with satanic contempt, and a few galvanic or similar shocks having been felt here and there in the house, the mur-

"The man on the stage looked at them with satanic contempt, and galvanic or similar shocks having been heard in the house, the murmurs died away, and a stony silence took their place."

murs died away, and a stony silence took their place.

The stage was fitted with a long narrow platform of the breadth of three planks with an inclined broad plank, reaching from the stage over the orchestra into the pit. This is erected at all such performances for the performer to walk down and up in his communications with the audience.

The "Illusion" was all the performer had to show, and he wasted very little "palaver" about it. The commonest man there felt that he was looking not at an ordinary conjuring show, but at something he had never seen before. It may have been fancy that the lights at times seemed to burn blue, and that there was a suspicious sniff of sulphuretted hydrogen in the air, but the trick, if trick it was, was raised to the level of a ceremony, and that rough and self-willed audience sat like a congregation at a church, with a bishop in the pulpit. It was only when the Illusionist asked for two volunteer assistants that the audience showed its sullen spirit. They declined to help in any way. When the performer asked for a man and woman, there was no response, nor when he asked for a lady or gentleman. At last I had to offer myself, and the illusionist selected another servant of the Palace, a young lady of singular beauty and refinement, who managed the bar at one of the side entrances to the pit, near the orchestra. Her pale face became paler when she was selected, but she seemed to have no power of refusal. I was not conscious of any hypnotic influence, though it may have been in operation, and I entered upon the task in a spirit of adventure.

We went on the stage amidst murmurs of "No! no!" "Katterfelto" treated the murmurs with a contemptuous grin, showing teeth, as I thought, like fangs. He drew imaginary circles round us which gradually became visible, forming themselves into a conical covering, flimsy as a spider's web, but exhibiting us as melting phantoms to the audience. I gathered this from seeing the half-stricken audience gradually disappearing as if in smoke, some of the rough half-castes feeling for their knives. As we faded away the murmurs increased to a savage roar, like the snarling growl of disappointed wild beasts. The stage was empty. The girl was the first to disappear. Where? I heard a shriek of pain and horror, but this died away in what seemed to me a long muffled tunnel. The fiend, for I can now call him by his right name, dived down the vampire trap leaving spots of blood behind him which had dripped from the blood-stone on his breast. I remember nothing more till I was aroused by finding myself in a cold black underground streamlet, being carried by the current somewhere.

. . . . . .

At last I saw light, being able to keep my head above water, and I was shot out in the pool of a great river, full of ships, barges, boats, wharves, and cranes. There was a moon half obscured by clouds, but part of the light came from the hundreds of swinging oil lamps hanging at the bows of the various vessels. My bewilderment was soon ended. In less than a minute I was in the grip of a couple of strong men, and hauled into a boat they were rowing. They were water police, and I was in the pool of the Thames, below bridge.

I was practically in custody. I was taken to the police barge at Wapping, and brought before the inspector on duty. I told my story, and at first they thought I was mad, or had attempted suicide, but when I went into further details about the traps on the stage, and especially the trap that Potts kept locked, they went into another room while I warmed and dried myself. I must say they treated me with kindness. They lent me a boatman's rig-out, and gave me some warm spiced ale to drink, called "dog's nose." They were employed, amongst other things, to detect smugglers, but the police barge was never without brandy, rum, and tobacco, in a quiet locker.

When they came out of the inner room, they had evidently made up their minds about something. Seeing that I was dry and ready to move, they marched me off to Potts' Palace. The closing hour had passed, but the "Highway" was full of excited people of all races, and all sorts and conditions. The gas was still flaring, regardless of expense. When I first appeared, I was recognised with difficulty in my boatman's disguise, but afterwards I was received like a great popular favourite. Drinks were thrust upon me, tobacco was crammed into my pockets, and a collection of coppers was made in a skull-cap by an expert at collecting. When, however, it dawned upon the crowd that I was in the hands of the river police, and the shore constables were sent for, the enthusiasm cooled, and my chances of a big benefit were diminished. A few who knew me well, and were always "pals," more or less, suggested a rescue, which would have meant serious mischief. The

"I was in the grip of a couple of strong men, and hauled into a boat they were rowing. They were water police, and I was in the pool of the Thames, below bridge."

police evidently expected this, as they were present in unusual numbers, and armed. The old opium-eater of the district—a rank impostor—to whom I had sent a number of customers from the West End, who wished to "see life" at the East End, stood by me in what he thought was my "trouble." "Smokee nicee pipee," he said in his "pigeon English."

Old Potts had had what the Americans call a "bad-time." When the fiend, myself, and the girl had disappeared, the stage was stormed by a half-savage crowd, who, being free from galvanic shocks, had regained their courage. They tore up all the traps, and they accused Potts of murder, selling his soul to the devil, standing in with the powers of darkness, dispensing hell-broth and fire-water, burglary, arson, and illegal pawning. Those who had got the "gift of the gab" accused him of everything. As usual, the women were the most violent, as they always are. Many of them had daughters; none had any respect for evidence. The advent of the police certainly saved Potts' life. He was not deficient in courage and strength, but he was paralysed by what had happened. He could not grasp it. My resurrection as a combination of the sewer-rat and the fresh (not too fresh) water sailor cheered him a little, but bewildered him still further. Where did I come from, and how did I get there? The English language was not expressive enough for him, and he fell back on his bastard Circus Italian. "*Malatesta! Corpo-di-Bacco! Il Diavolo! Malatesta!*"

The police soon brought him back to his own language—the language of the "Highway"—and his position. The trap disclosure had completed a "clue," as they called it, to the discovery of a long series of smuggling frauds. The underground streamlet running into the Thames had long been the secret channel for conveying brandy, rum, and tobacco free of duty, and Potts had been the chief receiver. His liberality in providing "turns," and not higgling much about the price at the Palace, was now explained. His money was made from what came under the stage, and not altogether from what appeared upon it. His drinking bars provided him with pocket-money. He admitted the fraud with frankness, as the penalty for the first offence—an offence discovered for the first time—was only a fine, although a heavy one. He paid it, not without pride, as a neighbouring gin distiller had just been fined forty thousand pounds for carrying gin, unknown to the Excise, in a water pipe, as so much water. The heir of that distiller afterwards became a baronet, as another neighbour, a brewer, became a member of the House of Lords. Potts somehow felt that he had become one of the local aristocracy.

We are always taught that out of evil cometh good, and Potts soon learned this without teaching. When the "Katterfelto" incident had put on the commonplace veneer of time, and people not only spoke of it without a shiver, and a recourse to a "quartern and three outs" at the Palace bars, Potts was prevailed upon to call in a dramatic author, and turn the "mysterious disappearance" into a blood-curdling melodrama. Potts' price for a drama was generally ten shillings an act—neither more nor less, but on this special occasion he felt inclined to be more liberal. He gave the author two pounds (ten shillings on account) and the run of the bar for a week, which included pork pies, saveloys, and "sausage and mash" (when it was not "off"). The work was at last launched, and had an enormous success. It was called:—

THE
BLOOD FIEND OF WAPPING;
or,
The Lost Barmaid.

Every effort was made, or said to have been made, to discover "Katterfelto" and the girl, but with no practical result. I was told that they had been heard of in America as *Mr. and Mrs. Katterfelto*, and were doing very well as *prestidigitateurs*.

Round the Exhibition at Earl's Court.

THAT I have not been out of town, but have just returned from Paris, and have made three journeys to the gay city within one week, sounds a little curious, now, doesn't it? But of course I refer to the "Paris" that Mr. Kiralfy has caused to spring up in the Exhibition grounds and buildings, at Earl's Court, and which the Lord Mayor of London opened in May last. What's that! You have not been! Why not? Oh, you are told that the Exhibition is not nearly finished, and that you thought you would wait until the Summer had arrived. Bosh! to the first excuse; there may be wisdom in the second, for as I write (on the 10th day of June), I shiver before a big fire, whilst, outside, Arctic breezes and showers of sleet and hail play around the house. By the time this article appears, however, the Exhibition, already nearly complete, will be in the pink of condition. The weather *may* be. But here am I wriggling into an unintentional and unnecessary parenthesis, as it were. What I wish to say is, no matter what you do or take to get there—train, bus, motor, or even an airship, if you happen to be secretly building one in your back garden—go at once to "Paris in London," in case you may wish to make several trips before the season is over. And herewith I jot down my own impressions and experiences, both by way of a guide to you who haven't been, and a souvenir to you who have.

The District Railway conveyed me to Earl's Court, whence I passed through the

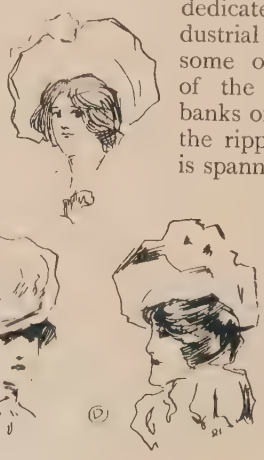
A bit of M. Amable's Scenery; in the Grounds.

By Gale & Polden, Ltd.

The Queen's Court and Lake; showing some of the beautiful buildings at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

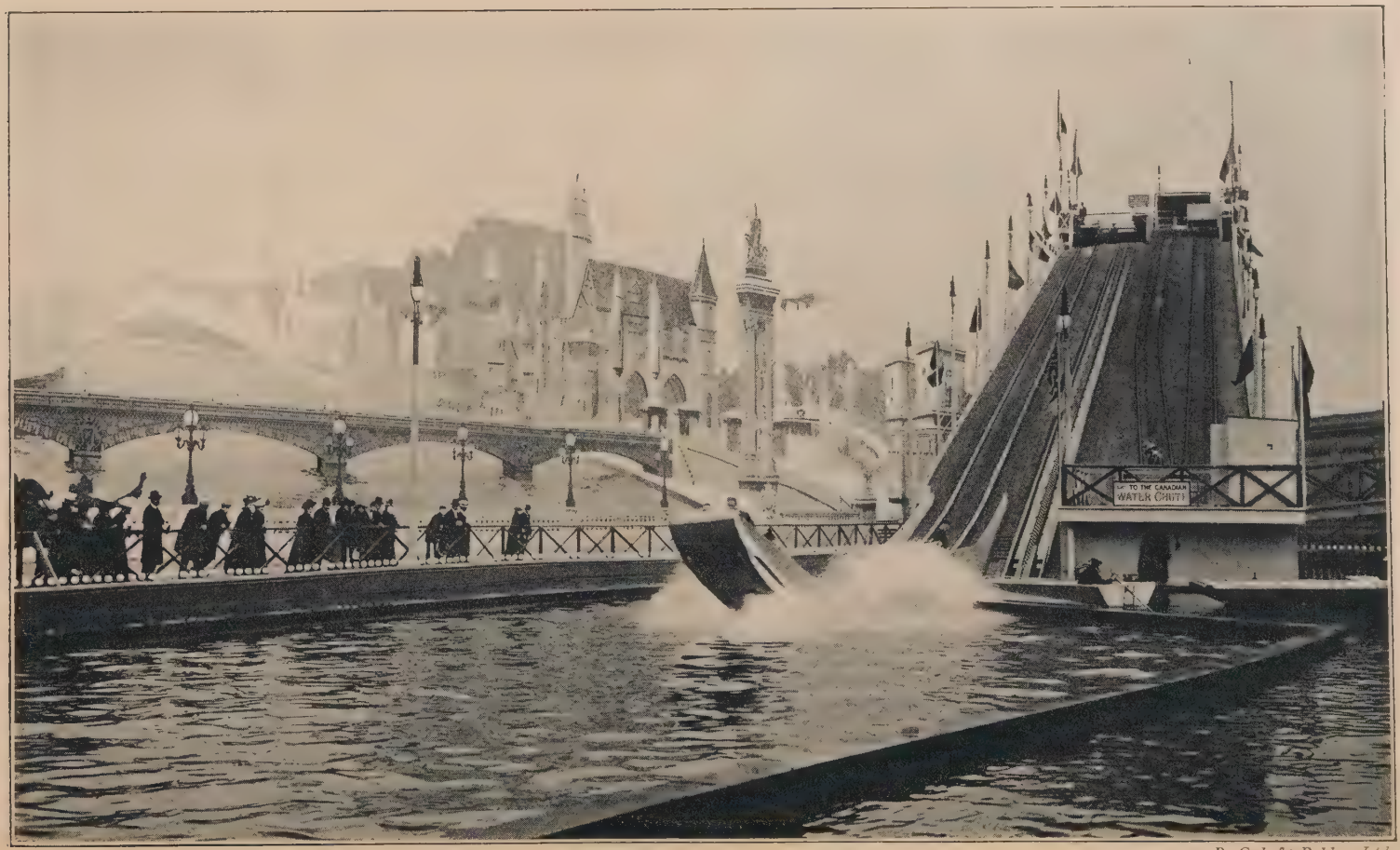
convenient covered way into the Warwick Road entrance to the Exhibition. It did not take many hours to discover that the beauties of the French capital, by day and night, were most strikingly reproduced.

Wandering through the tastefully decorated Ducal Hall I stopped to inspect the realistic military tableaux illustrating the material characteristics of the French army. This is one of the many exhibits from the Paris Exhibition, and was sent over by authority of the French War Minister. More than one hundred and sixty life-sized figures are used in the tableaux, as well as horses, guns, etc.



SOME EXHIBITION GIRLS

The Queen's Court—last year conspicuous for its elaborate Indian architecture—now presents idealistic palaces, dedicated to the applied and industrial arts, and happily suggesting some of the more notable edifices of the recent great show on the banks of the Seine. Facing me were the rippling waters of the lake, which is spanned by two elegantly designed bridges. Luxurious motor launches were skimming hither and thither, in and out of the fairy-like recesses of this charming stretch of water. By a curious phenomenon this day was really warm. The heat tempted me to tumble into the water for a cooler, but having no change of clothing handy, I went and gazed at two strikingly effective views (painted by the well known French scene-



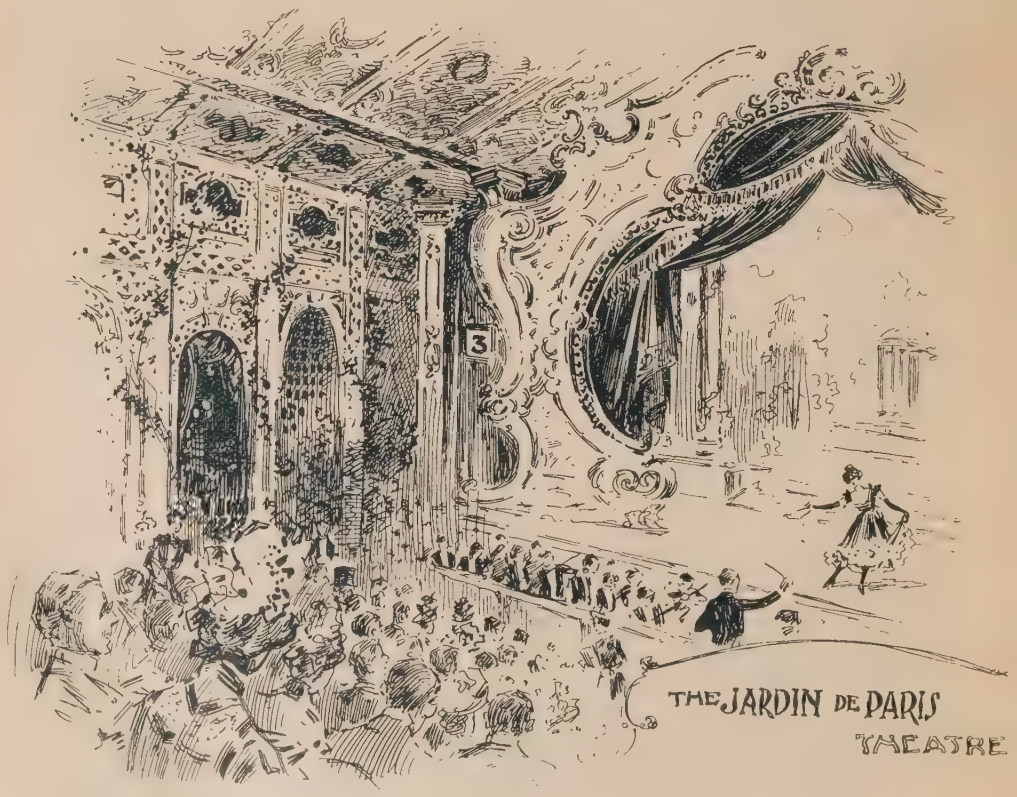
By Gale & Polden, Ltd.

The Canadian Water Chute, which is just now an extremely popular orm o. amusement at Earl's Court.

painter, M. Amable) of the Seine and its shores, as seen from the Alexander Bridge. This bridge, you will remember, was specially constructed, for the Paris Exhibition, to connect the Champs Elysées with the Esplanade des Invalides.

By the bye, M. Amable, to whom I have just referred, and who is responsible for the remarkable panorama of Paris in the Western Gardens, is the son of the actor Amable. Early in life he adopted his father's profession, and it was while acting in the Boulevard du Temple Théâtre that he first attracted the attention of the great scenic artist Robecchi, who, discovering in him a decided bent for painting, took him into his studio. His progress was rapid, and in 1885 he became his master's partner. M. Amable is now in the first rank of modern scenic artists, and his productions are of extraordinary variety and number. To mention a few of his works would fill best part of a page.

A GENDARME

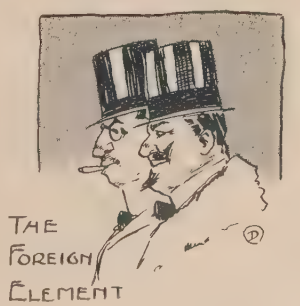


By Gale & Polden, Ltd.

"Paris in London," at Earl's Court. This is a bit of Old Paris, and is one of the merriest quarters of the Exhibition.

Piercing female shrieks drew my attention to the sensational Water Chute. A boat, packed with pretty girls, was rushing down the three hundred and fifty feet of incline, from a height of seventy feet. As it struck the water to the accompaniment of a great cloud of spray, which made me wonder if any of the dear girls had got wet, someone roared in a voice which reminded me of a steam roller at work, "Mind the insect, guv'nor."

Instinctively I turned. Writhing round the corner, and coming straight at me, was our old friend the dragon. His eighty feet of uncanny body has this year been given a coat of red paint. The "Coronation microbe," as his driver calls him, is a realisation of a legendary monster who was supposed to feed upon young and beautiful



AT THE JARDIN DE PARIS

French girls. As he crawled—or should I say glided—past me with his human freight, I grabbed a horn on his tail, found a seat on one of his hindmost scales, and enjoyed the rest of his wriggle round the lake.

A few spots of rain drove me into the Queen's Palace—the French applied art section—where it took some twenty minutes to cast the merest glance at the fine and large collection of industrial exhibits, comprising, mark you, some of the very best productions of France.

Before crossing the bridge which leads to the central building, I could not resist the temptation to take a voyage on the river Styx. Stepping into one of the boats, the stream carried us through long subterranean passages which are supported by fantastic pillars and weird fire-streaming tripods. Presently—in the dim, unearthly gloom—the boat shot past the entrance to Hades, over whose cavernous mouth a monster with wings kept watch. The next instant I was gazing at a sort of human forest where trees seemed to take the shape of animated beings. Then the boat emerged into the light of day again, the black waters and grim surroundings of the Styx changed into a lovely river, with flowery banks, and—I got out at the landing stage.

I next made a bee line for the Empress Theatre, now known as the Palais du Costume, a remarkable and gorgeous display. Note that the word "Palais" does not mean *Ballet*. I mention this because the other evening a young man when told at the turnstiles that the theatre was now the "Palais du Costume" thought the man said "*Ballet* du Costume," and expecting to see some new kind of opera-bouffe, paid his money with alacrity, and went in hopefully. I dare not repeat, in cold print, the language this young man used when he walked out in disgust a few minutes later.

The unique display illustrates, in a series of thirty-four brilliant tableaux, the history of dress throughout the ages. Here one can see the skins of the primitive Gaul, the strange garb of the Egyptians, the flowing draperies of ancient Greece and Rome, the quaint costumes of the Middle Ages, and the extravagances of the Court of Byzantium, down to the most recent creations of Worth. M. Felix, the great Paris dressmaker, created and organised these beautiful tableaux, which are really superbly staged and cleverly lighted, whilst furniture, fittings, costumes, jewels, etc., are accurate in every detail. The last room contains a feast of modern ball dresses—creations of chiffons, roses, diamonds and lace, which cost anything up to £600, or more, apiece.

On my way to "Picturesque Paris," I passed through the gallery containing the extensive collection of French paintings—a not inconsiderable artistic item—and had to cross the Imperial Court with its tasteful flower beds, and elegant music pavilion, where French and English military bands discourse sweet music daily.

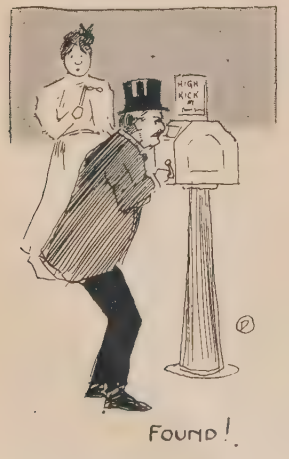
Whilst here a sweet little Japanese doll of a child handed

ROUND THE BANDSTAND

By Gale & Polden, Ltd.

By Gale & Polden, Ltd.

"Paris in London," at Earl's Court. The pretty Bandstand by the lake in the Queen's Court.



me a sachet card which Gosnells, of "Cherry Blossom" and "Famora" fame, are giving away at the daintiest of bamboo stalls. You should ask the picturesque Japanese attendant for Gosnell's "Coronation Souvenir." This consists of a prettily designed bottle of "Cherry Blossom," reclining on rich satin, in an exquisitely produced box, which, in itself, is a veritable work of art. By-the-by, as in 1887, when Queen Victoria visited the city, Gosnells were to have supplied the perfumery for the postponed reception of their Majesties at the Guildhall.

At length I found myself in the "Rue de Paris." Old London had vanished: in its place were the quaint houses of the Paris of bygone days, and here, under shady trees, some of us rested, and sipped coffee, and smoked cigarettes.

In the centre of this delightful spot stands the elegant Jardin de Paris Theatre, an exact replica of that famous *al fresco* rendezvous in Paris. I was just in time for the seven o'clock performance, so in I went. Decoratively, it is a big blue theatre. Its walls are light blue with garlands of choice flowers painted on

"Paris in London." A night scene at Earl's Court.

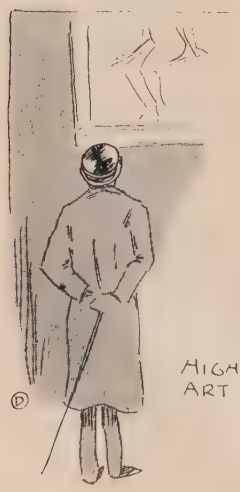
them. The seats are upholstered in blue. The attractive young lady attendants are blue—that is, their dainty costumes are of that shade. And the performance—well, that is all sorts of colours, but, thanks to M. Joseph Oller, the famous Parisian impressario, celebrated stars of the French variety stage twinkle in an entertainment of the first rank, with scarcely thinking space between the turns. As I sat in my blue stall, and smoked a beautiful cigar, and watched the vivacious dancing of a couple of charming French duettists, and breathed the deliciously cool air which, with the hum of the crowds outside, came floating through open trellis work, it was quite the easiest thing in the world to fancy oneself in one of the numerous summer theatres in the Champs Elysées. When this excellent show was about half over two gigantic "matinée" hats—carried on the heads of their fair owners, who flopped into seats in front of me—blocked out my view of the entire stage.

'PARIS IN LONDON'

When I sallied forth into the grounds again, it was dark enough to appreciate the thousands of multi-coloured lights which had turned the place into a veritable fairyland, and I could not help noticing, later on, how enchanting and romantic the brilliantly illuminated neighbourhood of the lake had become.

In response to an invitation I next got into the roof of the "Topsy Turvy House," and went up—I mean downstairs to the top floor. Clutching at the floor in my effort to avoid falling up to the ceiling, I looked up at the floor below me and watched sundry domestics in their different departments, all and everything being upside down, and then I climbed still higher and got into the basement, which has neither roof nor walls. Here I managed to meet *myself* at least a hundred times, and finally wondering if I had been drinking deeply, I jammed my hat on my feet—that is, I stood on my head, and hurried downstairs to the roof, and out into the grounds.

OH, THOSE "MATINÉE" HATS!



HIGH ART

A sepulchral voice said "This way to the Bastille!" I went that way. I was so glad to find everybody on their feet again, that I would willingly have gone to the guillotine. Amid gloomy surroundings I inspected the various waxwork tableaux which depicted, only too well, the methods of torture practised by the French in this most famous of all prisons. To witness, even in wax, such little punishments as being hanged or beheaded, having your feet toasted with red hot irons, or being torn to pieces on a revolving wheel, are not exactly conducive to hilarity, hence the "Hall of Joy," into which I immediately afterwards went, made a distinctly pleasant contrast. Here the most absurd effects are produced by distorting mirrors. By turns one sees him or herself in every imaginable shape, from the thinnest of skeletons, or the flattest of pancakes, to the swollen proportions of a full blown balloon. After the Chutes, there are more shrieks of laughter in this little building than in any other part of the exhibition.

Once more I went round the gigantic wheel, and, from the

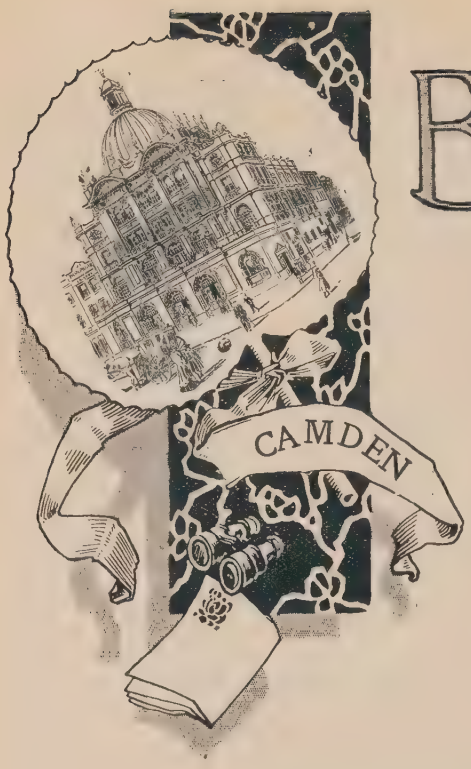
"The Eve of the Coronation."

This is one of the magnificent tableaux in the "Palais du Costumes." It represents Napoleon watching the unfortunate Josephine, who is trying on her state robes.

luxurious armchair of a saloon car, gradually discerned the hills of the surrounding country, what time the Exhibition grounds resembled, more and more, in size and appearance, the sticky paper that catches flies, the latter in this case being the visitors.

The Palais des Illusions, which enchanted and mystified Paris two years ago, is a strange building indeed, for although only a single hexagonal chamber, it is apparently of immeasurable dimensions. Its sides are fitted with huge panels of plate glass, and within its portals many astounding and beautiful illusions are produced. Do not miss this.

Enough being as good as a feast, I must leave mention of many other excellent sideshows for other issues. I will only add that among them are the Oriental Theatre, the Stereorama, the Paris Morgue, the Scenic Spiral Stairway, the Mechanical Hippodrome, and the Lilliputian Menagerie, and all are worthy of a visit.



Box Plans

ALPHABETICALLY

CAMDEN THEATRE,

HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

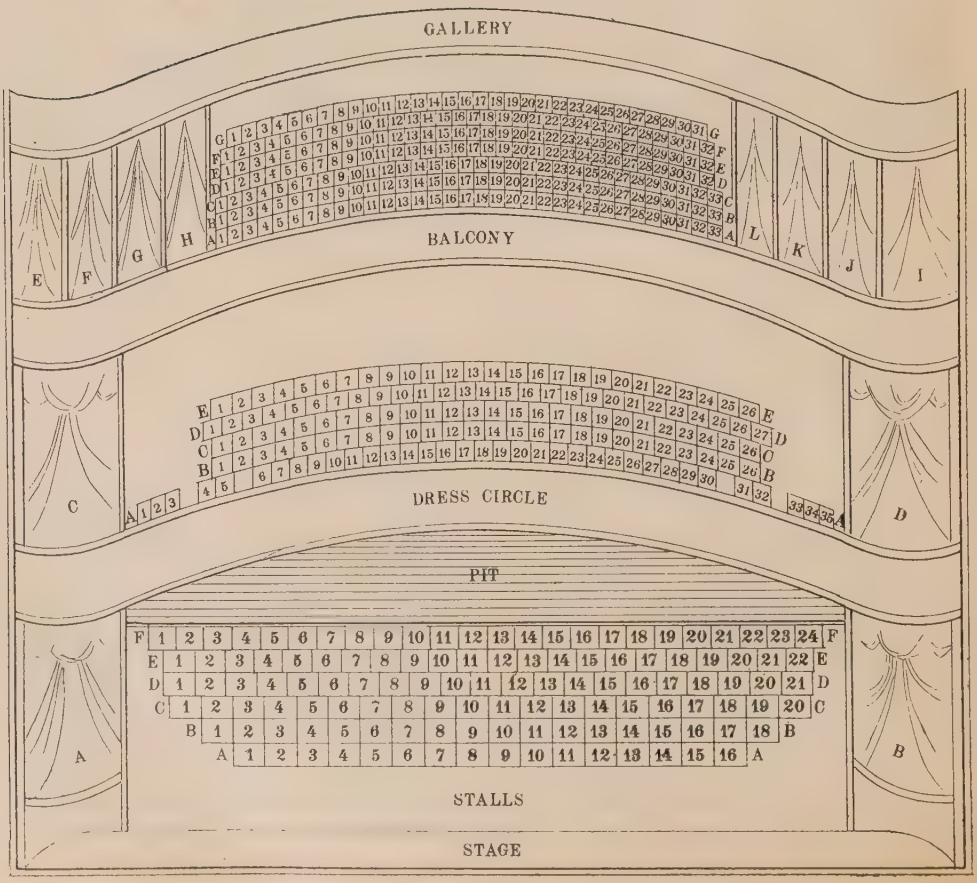
MANAGING DIRECTOR .. .. E. G. SAUNDERS
GENERAL MANAGER .. .. .. R. MANSELL

Telephone—328 KING'S CROSS.

Nearest Station: Camden Town, N.L. Railway.

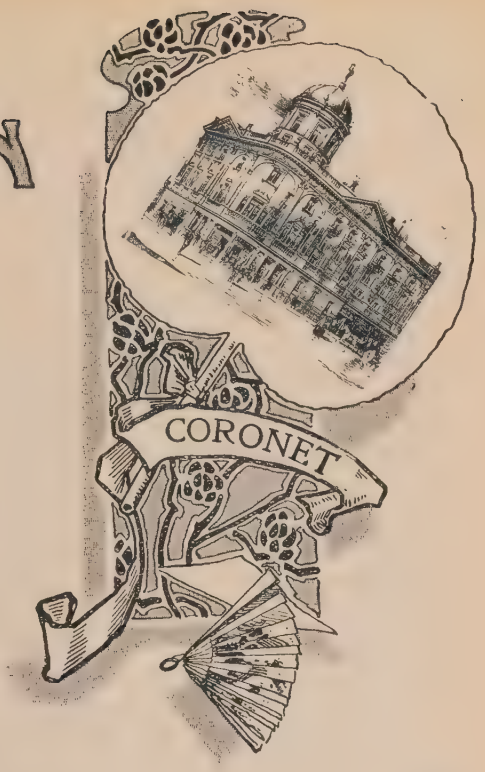
Opera, Comedy, Drama and Pantomime.

Box Office, 10 to 5, and during performance. Private Boxes, £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d. Stalls, 5s. Dress Circle, 4s. and 3s. Balcony, 2s. 6d. and 2s. Pit Stalls, 2s. Pit, 1s. Gallery, 6d.



OF LONDON

ARRANGED.



CORONET THEATRE,

NOTTING HILL GATE, W.

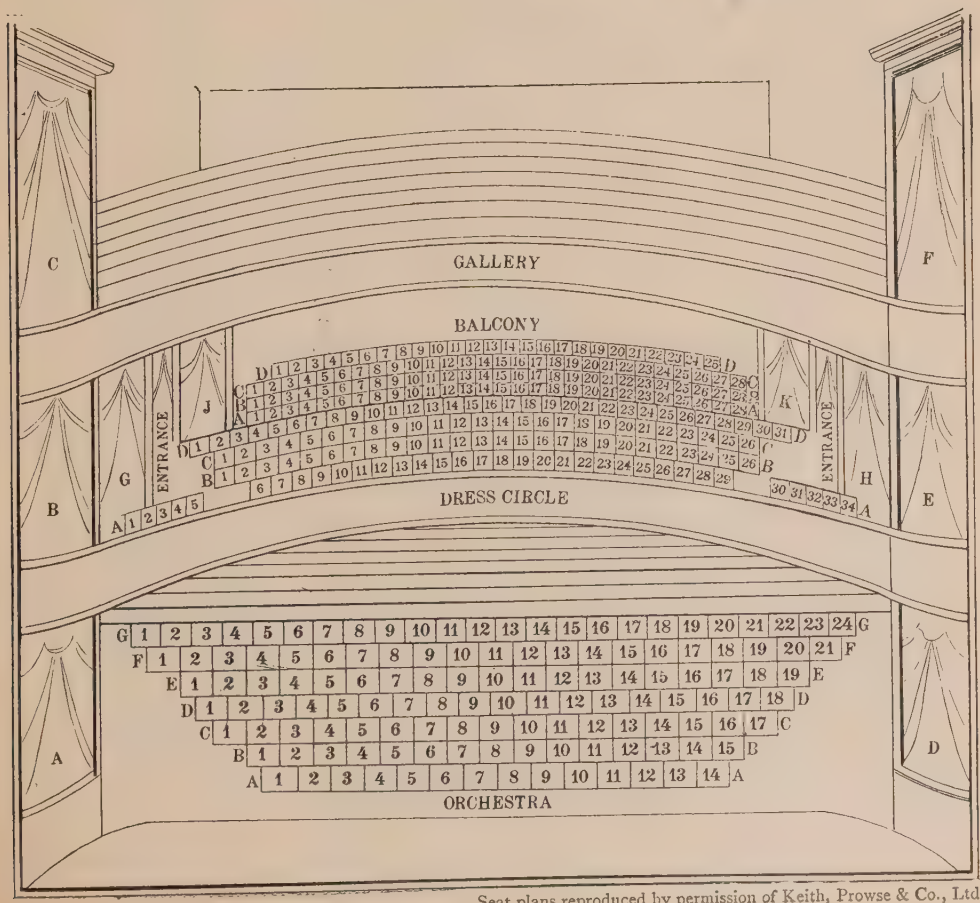
MANAGING DIRECTOR .. .. E. G. SAUNDERS
GENERAL MANAGER .. .. .. R. MANSELL

Telephone—627 KENSINGTON.

Nearest Stations: Central London and District Railways, Notting Hill Gate (one minute).

Opera, Comedy, Drama and Pantomime.

Box Office, 10 to 6, and during performance. Private Boxes, £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d. Stalls, 6s. Dress Circle, 5s. and 4s. Balcony, 2s. 6d. and 2s. Pit Stalls, 2s. Pit, 1s. Gallery, 6d.



Seat plans reproduced by permission of Keith, Prowse & Co., Ltd.

PARIS: THE MOULIN ROUGE.

By George Cecil.

"A wicked place," "a sink of iniquity," and "an immoral atmosphere," is how the celebrated Moulin Rouge in Paris has been described by sundry irresponsible individuals, but as a matter of fact it is a place to which quite a number of highly respectable people go.

A band (which is very superior to that of the average British infantry regiment) provides music for the dancers, and decorous quadrilles and waltzes are indulged in by students, shop-assistants and their lady-friends. Between the dances the couples promenade the room arm-in-arm. Or they will sit at the little tables and imbibe coffee and *cognac*. Well-to-do spectators invest in one of the raised seats on the right-hand side of the building, drinking bock or wine the while. Alert American tourists wander about making mental notes, and "mad Englishmen," armed with "kodaks," take "snap-shots." A few of the spectators patronise the inevitable mutoscope; whilst others are there solely for dancing purposes, and thus gyrate indefatigably.

A word as to the dancing. Though the ordinary dances are indulged in, many quaint and original figures are added to the quadrilles. They are so varied and so intricate that to describe them is well-nigh impossible. It may be added that a crowd—often ten and twelve deep—gathers round a performer of renown, applauding vigorously any special display of agility. And the conduct of the dancers is, above all, exceedingly circumspect. There are, however, occasions when that species of "high-kicking" known as the "can-can" takes place. And such exhibitions may be termed immodest, since the women, who make the most of their supple joints, are forced to treat those of their garments to which lace is attached with considerable freedom from conventionality. Upon Sunday afternoons, however, so circumspect is the deportment of the dancers, that any school-girl miss might be taken to the Moulin Rouge—and with perfect safety.

The Famous Windmill.

A Side-show.

One chief side-show is a wax-work performance, the female *dramatis personæ* of which have a habit of winking at the audience. These young ladies take it in turn to stand at the door and thus whirl in the crowd. They are noted for the rotundity of their contours and for their good looks.

It may, in conclusion, be observed that only during a performance do the arms of the windmill revolve, .

THE STAGE OF TO-DAY.

The plays described were running when this issue went to press. For the sake of brevity, the less important characters are omitted from the casts.

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE
In *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*
Falstaff—"Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't."—Act III. Sc. 5.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

On June 10th, 1902, revival of Shakespeare's Comedy,

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Sir John Falstaff	Mr Tree
Master Fenton	Gerald Lawrence
Justice Shallow	J. Fisher White
Master Slender	Charles Quartermain
Master Ford	Oscar Asche
Master Page	F. Percival Stevens
Sir Hugh Evans	Courtice Pounds
Dr. Caius	Henry Kemble
Host of the Garter Inn	Lionel Brough
Bardolph	Allen Thomas
Nym	S. A. Cookson
Pistol	Julian L'Estrange
Robin	Master Vivyan Thomas
Simple	O. B. Clarence
Rugby	Frank Stanmore
Mistress Page	Ellen Terry
Mistress Ann Page	Mrs. Tree
Mistress Quickly	Zeffie Tilbury
Mistress Ford	Mrs. Kendal

We are, most of us, accustomed to the many delightful surprises in the making of which Mr. Tree is and has been for many years unrivalled, but his latest achievement—the bringing together of Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Tree, to support him in that merriest of merry shows, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—may be said to fairly put his own record in the shade.

"It was all arranged in a whirl," explained Miss Terry to an *Express* interviewer. "Mr. Tree dropped down here (a hundred miles from town) at an hour when one would expect him to be going to bed. And I've lived on wires ever since.

"Sir Henry Irving consented at once. 'Anything that is for your good,' was his message. Wasn't it sweet? And characteristic?

"Mrs. Kendal and I both think the idea absolutely delicious. She very charmingly offered to play either part, so I chose Mrs. Page. What did you say—Mrs. Ford the finer, broader? Yes, but think how finely Mrs. Kendal will play it. But, of course, Falstaff is an overwhelming part—he dwarfs both the 'Wives.'

"It'll be quite an experience. I've never acted at Her Majesty's — what a lovely theatre!—but Mr. Tree once played with me in *The Amber Heart* at the Lyceum. As for Mrs. Kendal, we haven't acted together since we were girls of fifteen and seventeen at Bristol. So you see, it will be all strange and delightful.

"I have never appeared in *The Merry Wives*,'" continued Miss Terry, reflectively. "Nor have I seen it since—since—was it?—yes, it was '75—at the Gaiety. Mrs. John Wood and Rose Leclercq played the 'Wives,' and Phelps was the Falstaff. Oh, a dry Falstaff—with more bread than sack in his skin!

"I expect we shall put as much fun and merriment into the production as the play will bear. It isn't a case for undue reverence, is it?"

And she was correct to the letter, for the "merry wives" are, indeed, merry revellers. The spontaneous gaiety of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Terry, as Mistress Ford and Mistress Page respectively, is simply irresistible, whilst Mrs. Tree is sweetness itself as sweet Anne Page, and, if possible, even sweeter than that when she is conducting the fairy revels.

Mr. Tree's Falstaff is said to be in many respects better than his impersonation of the part some thirteen years ago at the Haymarket, a performance which I did not witness, so, therefore, can say nothing about; but his present performance, which affords throughout the keenest enjoyment, is a bright, broadly comic piece of acting. The rest of the magnificent cast—and amongst them, by-the-by, are several of Mr. Benson's old supporters—are all that can be desired.

There is less opportunity than usual for brilliant spectacle, but Page's house and garden, with its creepers and hollyhocks, fronting the Garter Inn, and with a distant view of the castle, is a charming picture of old Windsor.

At the close of each performance the entire company dance across the stage by way of taking their curtain. It is the crowning piece of merry revelry in this rich and dainty revival, and it never fails to rouse the house to enthusiasm.

At the time of writing, Terry's is a popular house with the children, and the matinées, especially, are made gay by numbers of the charming little mites, in their fresh light summer costumes. Tiny trebles lead the applause, and baby hands clap their hardest as point after point the story of the Holly Tree Inn is developed. Of course every one knows the simple, touching little tale, attributed by Dickens to Cobbs, the "boots" of the Holly Tree Inn, of how Master Harry Walmers, jun., aged ten, or thereabout, ran away to be married to his little sweetheart, of a year or

IN
"THE HOLLY TREE INN."

By Bassano.

Master CYRIL SMITH as "Harry" and Miss ELA Q. MAY as "Norah," his little sweetheart, in the pretty curtain-raiser recently performed at Terry's Theatre.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

Revived April 5th, 1902.—Charles Dickens's

HOLLY TREE INN,

Adapted by Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.

Captain Walmers ..	Dennis Eadie
Harry (his Son) ..	Master Cyril Smith
Norah	Ela Q. May
Tom (an Ostler) ..	F. H. Brooke
Mr. Cobb (Landlord) ..	Hubert Willis
Betty	Miss Drake
Mrs. Cobb	Kate Mills

Scene—Parlour of the Holly Tree Inn.

Followed by the Comedy,

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

By LOUIS N. PARKER and E. J. GOODMAN.

so younger, who is ponderously addressed by Cobbs as Mistress Harry Walmers, jun., how they came, one summer day, to the Holly Tree, on their way to Gretna Green, and how by a subterfuge about a certain pony that was partially clipped, they were detained a couple of nights until the father of the boy was brought to claim them. In dramatising the story, Mrs. Oscar Beringer has taken advantage of all its possibilities, and by certain adroit changes of detail has increased its force and unity as a stage play. The dialogue follows and suitably amplifies what little conversation is recorded by Dickens; and nothing is lost by making Cobbs (the old gardener of Capt. Harry Walmers) into the landlord, instead of the "boots," or by introducing a Mrs. Cobbs. The change of scene from summer to the midst of a keen, bitter winter intensifies the pathos of the little situation, but it also introduces the one anachronism which Mrs. Beringer has allowed to slip into her adaptation, for she makes Cobbs say that "it does so unfortunately happen that the pony is half clipped, and can't be taken out in that state for fear it should strike to his inside."

Usually, child-players make a poor little feeble show, moving one to pity rather than to any other interest, but Master Cyril Smith as Master Harry Walmers, jun., makes a brave little runaway bridegroom, and Miss Ela Q. May, as his little ladylove, is just as winning, as tired, and as peevishly unreasonable as the character demands. Mr. Hubert Willis as Cobbs makes a capital old servant turned host, and even talks very good "Yorkshire talk," which is not by any means always the case with the stage Yorkshireman. Altogether, *Holly Tree Inn* is a dainty and good little curtain-raiser,—would there were more like it!

Huge Adelphi audiences have cheered Miss Olga Nethersole, for, truth to tell, she has thrilled them, and congratulations on her striking triumph as "Sapho" have been general. Not for years has so strong a piece of acting been seen in London. The scene at the masked ball, so full of movement and colour and incident, is a long one, and is one of the noisiest, albeit one of the best stage-managed scenes I have ever witnessed, but it is not the strongest. It shows us how Jean and Fanny Legrand—the notorious Sapho, who declaims love verses from a pedestal of Venus—become mutually attracted, and it shows us, too, the abrupt ending, for a time, of Fanny's connection with Flamant. It is, however, in the second act that the play begins to move. Fanny appears at Jean's rooms and insists upon taking up her quarters with him. Here Jean, by a mere chance, identifies her as the "Sapho" of a dozen shameless pasts, and is himself overpowered by shame; but Fanny, by sheer force of her

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On May 1st, 1902,

SAPHO

An adaptation of Alphonse Daudet's Novel by CLYDE FITCH.

Jean Gaussin	Frank Mills
Uncle Césaire	Eric Lewis
Déchelette	J. H. Barnes
Flamant	Holbrook Blinn
Caoudal	William H. Day
Hettéma	J. S. Blyth
De Potter	William Vokes
Concierge	Fred Grove
Fanny Legrand ..	Olga Nethersole
Divonne	Rosina Filippi
Irene	May Straker
Madame Hettéma ..	Gladys Homfrey
Francine	Cicely Richards
Alice Doree	Claire Seymour
Toto	Lily M'Intyre
Margot	Cassie Corelli
Tina	Aimee de Burgh
Joseph	Miss E. Innes-Ker

Act I.—At Dechelette's.
Act II.—At Jean's Rooms.
Acts III. and IV.—At Jean and Fanny's House.

By Byron.

THE FIRST ACT OF *Sapho*.

The scene at Dechelette's masked ball, where Fanny Legrand, jaded with riotous excess, first meets Jean, and is fascinated with his freshness.

humility and passionate loving, speedily wins him back. In the third act they are keeping house together, but when one day Jean discovers her feverishly kissing the infant son of her former lover (who is in prison for forgery) and vainly entreating its kisses, he makes up his mind to leave her. The wonderful intensity of Miss Nethersole's acting at this point is a triumph by itself. She literally grovels in the dust at the feet of her departing lover, but her every action contributes to an intolerable sense of agony, only relieved by a struggling sense of maternity, and the audience is held spellbound. And now, deserted by Jean, she decides to marry Flamant (who returns to her from prison), for he is the father of her child, and with him she will start a new life.

Sapho is decidedly a play to be seen, and from all accounts the provinces are clamouring to see it. Well! as I understand that Miss Nethersole will take the play on tour in the early autumn, the demands of provincial playgoers are likely soon to be gratified.

SCENE AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT OF *Sapho*. Fanny:—"No! by heaven! you shall *not* leave me."

APOLLO THEATRE.

On May 10th, 1902, GEORGE EDWARDES and CHARLES FROHMAN present

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Written and Composed by PAUL RUBENS.

Additional Numbers by HOWARD TALBOT and PERCY GREENBANK.

Edna Branscombe	EDNA MAY
Hilda Branscombe	HILDA MOODY
Ada Branscombe ..	MADGE CRICHTON
Lady St. Mallory	LOTTIE VENNE
Lady Rosemary Beaulieu	MILLIE LEGARDE
Venetia Grafton ..	.. BETTY BELKNAP
Lady Marjory Crichton ..	RUBY RAY
Miss Deare	.. SYBIL GREY
Miss Crane	HILDA JEFFREYS
Miss Effie Thames ..	.. SARA MISKEL
Miss Price	.. JANE MAY
Hon. Bobbie Windsor..	MADGE VINCENT
Lord Cheyne	.. G. P. HUNTLEY
Brian Molyneux ..	BERTRAM WALLIS
Rev. Mr. Branscombe	JOHN BEAUCHAMP
"Cupid"	GEORGE CARROLL
M. de l'Orme	MAURICE FARKOA

Country Girls, Tea Girls, Golfers, Guests, etc.

Act I.—Golf Links at Market Mallory.
Act II.—A Tea Shop in Bond Street.
Act III.—Lady St. Mallory's Drawing-Room.

THE impecunious vicar of the quiet pretty Surrey village of Market Mallory has three charming daughters. The names of these "three little maids" are Edna, who is sweet and simple, Hilda, who is demure, although a wee bit sly, and Ada, who is just—well, "a little devil."

When we first meet them they are unusually excited, for Lady St. Mallory is opening the new golf links, and is bringing down from London three Society girls—Lady Marjory, Lady Rosemary, and Venetia; and (what is a fact of much more importance) three *men*—Brian Molyneux, Lord Cheyne, and M. de l'Orme—who appear to have the affections of the ladies they accompany. As may be expected, however, these men no sooner arrive in the village than they speedily fall in love with the vicar's delighted and excited little maids.

Now Lady St. Mallory is the proprietress of a smart Bond Street tea shop, and a bright idea occurs to her. The "three little maids" would make ideal waitresses. Why not invite

them to go to London and serve her numerous customers—chiefly men—with tea and cake at fancy prices?

The vicar not being overburdened financially, gladly accepts her offer, and his daughters, happy in the knowledge that they will be assisting their father, and mad with the prospect of seeing London, drive to the station in their pony cart, in the merriest of moods.

In the tastefully decorated Bond Street tea shop, the interior of which is tiled and adorned in the old Dutch style, we next meet the three country girls, and here, naturally enough, their flirtations with those same three men, who pop in by chance for cups of tea, are continued. Here also, these men are surprised by their "old loves," the three society girls, who, greatly put out, decide to regain lost ground by attiring themselves in the picturesque costumes worn by the waitresses. Hardly have they done this, however, when Lady Mallory invites the "three little maids" down to a ball at Mallory Hall, and, thanks to, and accompanied by, their newly found admirers, they go down on motor cars.

The "town belles," who are also invited, have to follow by a slow train, and arrive at Market Mallory *after* their former lovers have had time to clear up all misunderstandings with the little maids, and have been duly accepted by them.

Such is Mr. Rubens' very simple story. It is slight enough in all conscience, but taking the piece as a whole, there is a good deal to praise and much to enjoy in it. The libretto is pleasant, and the music is bright and animated throughout.

It is a very light but very agreeable entertainment, and no small thanks are due to Edna May, Hilda Moody, and Madge Crichton, for the good work done by them as the "three little maids."

One of the biggest hits of the evening is Hilda's sly and humorous rendering of a song called "The Miller's Daughter," the lilt of which was so irresistible that the gallery caught up the chorus on the first night. I quote the following lines from it:—

> "She was a miller's daughter,
> And lived beside a mill;
> *Blue* was the tone of the water,
> But she was bl——*deeper* still."

Edna May is always fascinating, always an exquisite picture. Her lines in a duet "Do you think that you have known me long enough?" are delivered in just that half

By S. L. Stein.

Miss Olga Nethersole in *Sapho.*

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS" at the Apollo Theatre.

By Bassano.

Miss MADGE CRICHTON as "Ada Branscombe," one of the Little Maids.
"Oh, don't we just spoil you, you men!"

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS" at the Apollo Theatre.

By Ellis & Walery.

Miss EDNA MAY as "Edna Branscombe," one of the Little Maids.
"Do you think you have known me long enough?"

coquettish, half timid, but very appropriate spirit. A melodious coon song, "Dearie, my Sweet," in the second act, and a dainty little song, "What is a Maid to Do?" in the third act, are also delightfully rendered.

Madge Crichton—a clever comedienne—is conspicuously successful, and squeezes quite a lot of fun and drollery out of two capital songs. One of these deals with "Sal," who is supposed, of course, to be the singer's "gal"; the other song, called "Men," completely sits upon mere man, as you may judge from one of the verses:—

"You men are an ignorant crew,
That accounts for your gorgeous conceit;
There are only three things you can do,
You can smoke, you can drink, you can eat!
You flirt with a girl for a year,
Without any intention to woo;
Then at last you say, 'Marry me, dear?'
'Cause you think it's the right thing to do.

"Men, men,
Humbugging men!
You're impossible nine out of ten!
We buy hats to appease you,
New frocks, just to please you—
Oh, don't we just spoil you, you men!"

Of course G. P. Huntley is as quaint and as comical as ever. His repeated confessions of "a fearful past" keep the audience in a roar of merriment, whilst he has an extremely amusing ditty in "Algy's simply awf'lly good at algebra."

The rest of the cast are just as admirable, all concerned in the piece working together loyally. The dresses are lovely, and the scenery lavish and tasteful. There is much that is pleasing in *Three Little Maids*, which will be found to please everybody, and no doubt everybody, who is anybody, will in due course visit the Apollo Theatre.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

On May 24, 1902,

ZAZA

David Belasco's version of Pierre Berton and Charles Simon's Play.

Zaza	Mrs. Lewis Waller
Cascart (her singing partner)	A. E. George
Bernard Dufresne ..	Leonard Boyne
Rosa Bonne	Kate Kearney
M. Joly	Fred Jacques
Toto	Georgie Fryer
Floriane	Elizabeth Kirby
M. Rigault	Henry J. Ford
Nathalie	Minnie Rayner

And Others.

It is nearly two years ago since Mrs. Lewis Waller took up the arduous part of Zaza. It happened at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, and I well remember that the press, as a whole, described it as a very fine performance. Since then *Zaza* has been one long succession of triumphs for Mrs. Waller, and therefore it was natural that she should come in for a most gratifying reception during the recent run of the play at the little house in Dean Street. Her performance is a very powerful one. All the varying emotions are brought into play; she fascinates us; she is delightfully humorous; her grief and her tears seem to be very real indeed, and move us to genuine enthusiasm.

Although there are many who still—as was the case when it was first seen at the Garrick Theatre over two years ago—object to the play on moral grounds, I am one of those who agree, in every respect, with Clement Scott, who says of *Zaza* in the *Free Lance*—"Let it never be forgotten that there are thousands of critical Mrs. Grundys who consider that a play is immoral because there is an immoral person or an immoral scene in it. Thus they condemned *Zaza*, thus they condemned *Frou Frou*, thus they condemned the noblest play that Henry Arthur Jones ever wrote, the masterpiece *Judah*, because a clergyman told a lie to save a woman's honour.

"They don't criticise, these Mrs. Grundys; they go about saying: What a horrid play! Judah told a lie! or Marguerite was once a fast woman! or Zaza wore short skirts in a music hall dressing-room! They never remember that Judah, the Lady of the Camellias, Zaza, and dozens more of them were transformed and transfigured by Love!

"You might just as well say *Drink* is an immoral play because Coupeau is a drunkard. Coupeau, by his life, by his actions, by his weakness, warns the people against intemperance. Zaza, by her life, her surroundings, her carelessness, warns frail women from temptation. Zaza is as moral as a tract."

By Langfier, Ltd.

MRS. LEWIS WALLER as "*Zaza.*"

THE PLAYGOER'S DIARY (Corrected up to the time of going to Press).

The Play.	The Theatre.	Since	Page
America in London (Exhibition),	*Crystal Palace*, S.E.,	May 31.	
Bandits, The,	*Hippodrome*, Cranbourne Street, W.,	June 16.	
Ben Hur,	*Drury Lane*, W.C.,	Apr. 3.	119
Britannia's Realm,	*Alhambra*, Leicester Square, W.,	June 16.	
Chinese Honeymoon, A,	*Strand*, W.C.,	Oct. 5.	73
Country Girl, A,	*Daly's*, Cranbourne Street, W.,	Jan. 18.	145
Country Mouse, A,	*Criterion*, Piccadilly Circus, W.,	Feb. 27.	44
Faust,	*Lyceum*, Strand, W.C.,	Apr. 26.	160
Gay Lord Quex, The,	*Duke of York's*, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.,	May 6.	166
Jedbury Junior,	*Shaftesbury*, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.,	June 16.	
Little French Milliner, The,	*Avenue*, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.,	Apr. 8.	116
Lord of his House,	*Comedy*, Panton Street, W.,	June 12.	
Merrie England,	*Savoy*, W.C.,	Apr. 2.	162
Merry Wives of Windsor, The	*Her Majesty's*, Haymarket, W.,	June 10.	215
Mice and Men,	*Lyric*, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.,	Jan. 27.	
Our Crown,	*Empire*, Leicester Square, W.,	May 28.	237
Paris in London (Exhibition),	*Earl's Court*, S.W.,	May 7.	201
Royal Opera Season,	*Theatre Royal*, Covent Garden, W.C.,	May 8.	
Sapho,	*Adelphi*, Strand, W.C.,	May 1.	218
There and Back,	*Prince of Wales*, Coventry Street, W.,	May 22.	
Three Little Maids,	*Apollo*, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.,	May 10.	220
Toreador, The,	*Gaiety*, Strand, W.C.,	June 17.	

THEATRES CLOSED.

Haymarket,	Reopens in August.	*Terry's*,	Reopens in the autumn.
Imperial,	,, shortly.	*Vaudeville*,	,, in September.
St. James,	,, in the autumn.	*Wyndham's*,	,, in the autumn.

By T. W. Higginson.

A successful lion tamer plays cards with one of his pets.

It would not surprise me if at some early date the crowds who go down to the Hippodrome, or some other big place of amusement, are startled by a new, and, up to the present, practically unknown lion tamer, by name George Sadler. I met him a few weeks ago at Lord George Sanger's famous Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, where he is wont to put some magnificent lions through a little performance of his own creation, three or four times daily.

Sadler was a lad of fifteen when he first fancied a taste for lion taming. It happened that Sanger's Circus one day visited his native place, Stratford, the result being that the youth ran away from home and joined the show as one of the menagerie attendants. He gained a large experience in this capacity, visiting France and other countries, and finally became keeper of the lions at the Hall-by-the-Sea at Margate.

This was by no means light work, and on one occasion he was severely scratched by a naughty lioness, but, eventually, he mastered the animals sufficiently to put them through a few tricks. By the time Sadler got married he was on such intimate terms with the lions that they allowed the plucky bride and bridegroom, and four equally plucky male friends, to sit down to the wedding breakfast in the den itself.

Sadler has two young lions who can walk the tight-rope as carefully, and as comfortably, as the late Blondin was wont to do.

THINGS MUSICAL.

By Malcolm Lawson.

Mdlle. de la Praz. (See p. 229.)

"L'homme propose et Dieu dispose." Surely, never in the history of any great nation has this solemn saying received such a large, terrible, and far-reaching verification, as in the sudden and calamitous sickness that has fallen on our much beloved King. The dislocation of the august and far spreading splendours of the Coronation until that fateful Tuesday seemed impossible. Rumour, no doubt, had been busy, but when is she not?—the jade! Nothing, however, I imagine could exceed the sorrowful surprise that fell on the assembled choristers at the final rehearsal of the Coronation- music at the Abbey on Tuesday, when the Bishop of London delivered that "serious message," which ran thus:—"The King is suffering from a complaint that necessitates an operation at twelve o'clock to-day. The Coronation will therefore have to be postponed."

("Creation's chorus stopped," as Browning sings in "Theocrite.")

"We cannot do better than kneel down and pray," added the Bishop. Another Bishop—Bath and Wells, I think—intoned Tallis's Litany, and the choir, in subdued tones, sang the responses with a different sentiment to the one rehearsed for the Thursday. After the hymn, "O God, our Help in Ages Past," sung with hearty fervour, tempered albeit (heaven help our frailty!) with some of that blind questioning that afflicts poor humanity even in its most solemn moments, this strange meeting of musicians dispersed almost silently. It was an episode in one's life not readily forgotten.

The Intercession Service at St. Paul's on Thursday the 26th was of a most impressive character. The congregation seemed to represent every section of the community. The music, in its severe simplicity, was admirably selected and sung. The poignant contrast to the thanksgiving for Peace service, when the King and Queen were present, was as striking as it was pathetic. The note of hope, however, was not in any degree absent, and we have at the present moment every reason to believe that the nation's prayer has been already favourably answered.

Of the so-called Coronation Concerts given by those three queens of song, Melba, Albani, and Patti, at the Albert Hall, I have only to remark that the ladies all displayed their several and well known talents to the delight of the huge audiences their well-deserved fame always attracts. The marvellous perfection of Mme. Patti's production of voice which has enabled her to preserve the freshness and purity of tone for so long is, or ought to be, a shining example to all our young aspirants to fame in the vocal art, be they singers or teachers.

Herr Van Rooy's Recital at St. James' Hall on the 25th was a great treat. His singing of that exquisite cycle of songs by Heine and Schumann, the "Dichterliebe," was as near perfection as could be.

The audience insisted on hearing three of the songs twice. As there are sixteen in the work, this struck me as being rather pitiless on the part of the public. But the mighty exponent of Wotan didn't seem to mind a bit. He seemed to echo Shakespeare's line: "Born for your use, I live but to oblige you."

With the reappearance of the lovely and accomplished Calvé and the return of Van Dyck, the interest of the opera season grows apace. The lady's Carmen is as finished a piece of luring and fascinating *diablerie* as ever. Her Santuzza is also unapproachable.

The revival of Donizetti's pretty and witty *L'Elisir D'Amore* is more popular than might have been expected in these Wagnerian days. But the spontaneous and unaffected melody with the good Goldonian fun find their way very easily to the hearts of a willing to be pleased audience.

Mlle. Regina Pacini as Adina displays a charming light soprano voice well under control, and a graceful and sympathetic comedy style in her impersonation. Signor Caruso's Nemorino is as appropriately sentimental as the occasion calls for, and Scotti and Pini Corsi, as Belcore and Dulcamara, are both admirable.

On the announcement of the King's illness Mr. Neil Forsyth was besieged with inquirers about the Gala performance. The work of settling matters between regular subscribers and those who had bought the "suspended" seats seemed difficult, but Mr. Forsyth cut the Gordian knot by returning the money of the "Gala" seatholders, and notifying the subscribers that *Tristan* would be performed on that night. The bookings for the Gala performance amounted to well over £20,000. Every seat and box in the house was booked at special prices, so that you can imagine the size of the task of returning all the money and cheques. Sixty-four boxes were sold at

By Ganzini.

THE GUGLIELMI QUARTETTE.

100 guineas each; twenty-four at sixty guineas, and sixteen at forty guineas. The 500 orchestra stalls were all sold at twenty guineas each, and the 116 balcony stalls at ten guineas each.

The cheapest seats in the house were the guinea seats in the gallery, all of which were taken weeks in advance.

Several of the boxes in the grand tier were to have been converted into a special royal box, and 250 of the orchestra stalls had been reserved for the Court.

Some new and interesting turns to be enjoyed by London music-hall-goers are firstly the Guglielmi quartette of double basses. For these players I venture to prophesy a great success. Their surprising delicacy of tone is a delight, and their rendering of the varied works in their repertoire beyond criticism. That such tender simplicity, varied with such volcanic fire, can be produced from the giant fiddle is wonderful.

I wonder if Bottessini hears "up aloft." They are all his countrymen.

The second new turn, which Mr. Braff introduced me to, delighted me muchly, and I understand that music-hall-goers will anon have this same pleasure. Imagine a tall, graceful brunette sweeping her harp with exquisite skill, while her fine voice gives forth songs by Gounod, Godard, and many another. Such is, and does, Mdlle. de la Praz, who is sure of success. We may not be a very musical nation, but we know how to appreciate a good thing, and I can picture the deafening applause that will greet this turn as soon as her music-hall arrangements and engagements have been completed.

I had hoped this month to make some report of the progress of our open air music in the parks and open spaces, but the weather was so tardy (and unloyal) in mending its ways, that I cannot do so with any justice to the many excellent bands which, I hope, are cheering disappointed crowds "on every green loamin'."

The other day I came across, on their wanderings, the latest Concert Party, consisting of Messrs. H. Cooper Wallis, Crauford Kent, Ainsworth Gilbert, and M. Wickham, who style themselves "The Tramps," and four more disreputable looking beings it would

be hard to conceive; but, though unsightly to behold, they were most pleasing to the ear. Their selections, consisting of choruses, duets and solos, both vocal and instrumental, proved them to be artistes of no mean order.

Another little band deserving my praise are "The Free Lances," a party of masked gentlemen who may be found delighting holiday makers, with their fine sweet singing, on the breezy common of Southsea. I may not give their names, but if some of the London theatres are poorer by their loss, Southsea is distinctly the gainer. So, there you are!

The summer of music is over. The glory has temporarily departed, and that's the truth. The opera syndicate will fulfil its promises to its subscribers, and the cause of charity, we hope, will not suffer; but for most folk there is only one tune. Play it on the cornet, or the banjo, or the concertina, or the much maligned suburban piano; it is all one—

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

M. L.

The failings of Concert-Givers. IN concluding a sensible little article under this heading, George Cecil, writing in the *Eastern European Review*, gives this little bit of good advice to those who give concerts:—"Pray do not smirk and grin at those of your friends who are in the audience. Remember that you are in the presence of music. Be, therefore, reverent. And do not allow reciters to appear; let them be relegated to the stage, there to entertain or bore one. Nor should you charge half a guinea for a seat, unless you are worth listening to. In the latter event you are justified in demanding as much as you think you can get."

A PLAY OF LOVE.

By T. PARKER.

EACH night I pour out at your feet
The wealth of my affection;
I whisper words endearing, sweet,
And you make no objection.
Nay, on the other hand, you seem
To favour my advances
With lips that smile, and eyes that gleam
With warm, love-laden glances.

You do not love me—that I know—
Not even as a brother;
Your heart was given years ago
And now beats for another.
You have a husband—I, a wife;
Ah me, it seems quite shocking
That you and I, upon my life,
At love should thus be mocking.

And yet this farce we nightly play,
Which seems devoid of reason,
For duty calls and we obey;
So, through the coming season
We must repeat what seems, I own,
Behaviour somewhat shady,
For I am leading baritone
And you are leading lady.

THE BURMESE DRAMA.

Notes and Illustrations by
MAX FERRARS, Author of *Burma.*

THE Drama in Burma is an interesting artistic development, untouched by any foreign or "civilised" influence, highly advanced and specialised on its own lines, and almost as distinctive as the Burmese music, which is a higher artistic development than that of any other Eastern people. Play-acting of various kinds (under the general name of Juvè) is the great entertainment of the Burmans, and is used to mark any event of private importance, such as the completion of a new house, the dedication of a school, monastery, or shrine, or any similar celebration. The actors, if professionals, are engaged and paid by the householder giving the festival, and the performance is freely open to the public.

A "Marionette" Princess.

The "legitimate" drama is performed by troupes of from four to eight players (both men and women), and a company receives from thirty to sixty rupees (£3 to £6) a night, the amount varying with the celebrity of the company and distance they have had to travel. At times there are "subscription" performances, on the occasions of village festivals, but these, like the private per-

A Burmese drama in full swing. Note the "orchestra."

A Burmese Ballet.

formances, are open to everyone, whether subscribers or not.

The preparation of the "theatre" is a simple matter. A level space in the street or an open square is swept clean and covered with matting, then a light tent of bamboo, open at the sides, but roofed with thatch or matting, is provided as a shelter from the sun in the day-time and the dew at night. A twenty or thirty feet circle is kept in the centre for actors and musicians, and around this the people gather, women and children sitting in front, and men squatting behind, or standing in the back rows. As the audience is all around, no scenery or "effects" are used; the stage lighting is by a circle of lamps and torches, at which actors and spectators alike light their cheroots; and on a bamboo rafter the masks are hung which are to be worn by players taking the

A "marionette" stage and band. (Daylight performance.)

Some of the principals; a princess, a prince, and two clowns.

grotesque and comic characters. Plays are often in the day-time, but more generally at night. The company plays for several hours —all night, in fact,—and a single drama often lasts for several nights.

The dialogue is mostly sung or chanted, in a slow and rather monotonous style, but there are many breaks for dancing and posturing to music, and for spoken dialogue, which is principally in the hands of the clowns. This consists of banter and "gag" to a great extent, with the asking of riddles, and corresponds more nearly to the interludes between the end-men in a negro minstrel performance than to anything else known in Britain. Much of this dialogue seems somewhat coarse to European taste, and the language, unusually rich in words of very similar sound but greatly differing meaning, gives great scope for *double entendre*. This is very strongly brought out when a comic European is represented, a character which has been immensely popular of late years.

In the strictly legitimate drama the plots vary but little. They are always the story of the love of a prince and a princess, with countrymen introduced as comic characters, as well as one or two clowns. The women's parts are almost invariably serious. The plot, clustering around royal personages, is necessarily romantic, but the play is full of changes and vicissitudes, some pathetic, some grotesque, some caused by human and others by supernatural agency, often startling in their suddenness, but always exquisitely attuned to the sentiment of the accompanying music. The orchestra contains a harp (or harps) with varnished silken strings, and a skin-covered sounding board, and a dulcimer of bamboo; both sweet, soft sounding instruments, used to accompany the voice; and also a "loud band," to accompany the dancing, on a clarion, second clarion, circles of eighteen tuned gongs, and twenty-two tuned drums, with cymbals and clappers or castanets for emphasising the time.

Costume and make-up have great prominence, and the make-up is done on the spot, in view of the audience, before and during the play.

A very popular and highly developed variation of the drama is that in which human actors are replaced by very elaborate marionettes. In these plays simple scenery (usually tapestry or embroidery) and some furniture is introduced, and a stage is always used. Here, too, the fancy has full play, and dragons, giant reptiles, snakes, and magicians are introduced freely.

But the most beautiful of all Burmese theatrical shows is the musical dance or ballet, which is always performed by amateurs. From a dozen to thirty girls of from ten to fifteen years of age take part in this performance. They are dressed uniformly as princesses, or in some fancy costume, and are as well drilled in their steps and postures as the best of European ballets. Every motion and pose is studied in detail, even to the positions of finger-tips, so that every performer follows the music and reproduces every act of her fellows with most perfect exactness. The motion is slow and graceful, undulating and rhythmical,—never jerky or violent,—and this class of performance is always given in the day-time and in the open air.

It will be seen that the art-culture of the Burmans, as illustrated in their drama, is quite *sui generis*, as distinct from that of the rest of the Mongolian world as are China and Japan from each other, distinct from the culture of India, and free from the influence of our much-vaunted Western civilisation.

Burma, by Max and Bertha Ferrars (London: Sampson Low & Co.) is one of the most complete studies ever made of the every-day life of a people. In its hundreds of photographs every phase of the life—from cradle to grave, from religious mysteries to children's games—is illustrated. The subjects which illustrate this article (amongst others) are used in the section on "Pageants and Frolics."

THE SISTERS AQUILERAS. *By Hana.*

A graceful trio of Spanish singers and dancers.

An Hour at London's Smartest Hall.

By Roland Belfort.

How many people realise to what extent the Empire incarnates for everybody —Britishers, Americans and Continentals—the elegant gaiety of fashionable London? The vicissitudes of a roving career have brought me into contact with travellers of all nations. Many who have visited London nourished only vague souvenirs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower. But *all* had visited, admired, and retained a charming souvenir of the Empire!

THE EMPIRE *v.* THE THEATRES.

For this popularity there are many reasons. The Empire is strikingly individualistic; no similar spectacle exists in London. Bright, refined, varied and *actual*, it is typical of the rich, lusty and optimistic life that animates the greatest city on earth. Bohemian, its Bohemianism is well-bred, elegant, discreetly frank, neither too prudish nor too positive. Here the wealthy, pleasure-loving cosmopolitan is *chez lui*. The atmosphere is congenial, gently stimulative. For him the promenade is a public *salon*; here he meets his friends, smokes his cigarette and lives his post-prandial life. No problems vex his soul; no insolent managerial autocrat controls his arrival or exit. He smokes, perambulates, chats, flirts, and even indulges in generous refreshment without irksome formalities or restrictions.

ABSENCE OF ENTR'ACTES.

One of my most whimsical friends never goes to the theatre because "he can't stand the *entr'actes*." The clever Manager of the Empire obviates this objection, not by suppressing *entr'actes*, but by transforming them into a delightful spectacle. Played in the promenade!

PLEASURES OF THE PROMENADE.

Restless as the sea's wild waves are its *habitués*! Strolling through the elegant, joyous crowd, your ear is agreeably titillated by the subdued, seductive strains of a splendid orchestra; the *frou frou* of silk; the rustle of satin; the murmur of syren voices languorously temptative. Charmed is your eye by fleeting visions of beauty; the grouping of harmonious colours; the flash of a diamond; the kaleidoscopic gleam of a white shoulder; the elevation of a daringly suggestive eyebrow. Here are played countless little comedies which constitute the joy of the observant philosopher—or cynic! Giant lackeys in gorgeous liveries watch with superb indifference this Carnival of Gaiety. You hear fragments of every European language, for the Empire is as cosmopolitan in its *clientèle* as in its *personnel* and reputation. Watch this box party threading through the crowd! The handsome, aristocratic men display visible signs of having dined with sumptuous rectitude. The ladies display their pride of conquest. Their *décolletés* charms are revealed rather than concealed by masses of billowy lace. Smiling, triumphant Beauty asserts her empire. The men follow with a conquering air of gratified vanity which challenges criticism. The promenade might be the Gaiety stage, and the *habitués* the artistes playing in a brilliant "George Edwardes" musical comedy. For *l'ensemble* is elegant, refined, rhythmic—a spectacle in itself!

COSMOPOLIS PARADE.

Here you meet London's *élite*; the wealthiest and most influential clubmen; the smartest City men; the flower of the Army, and the Navy's brightest stars. American millionaires find relaxation after a hard

day's work. I know a famous dramatist who thinks out his most difficult situations while strolling about this promenade. Vapid, happy "Johnnies" in faultless attire jubilate in their infantile, sportive style. When any music-hall artiste of renown gets a night off he is sure to drop in about ten "to meet the boys." Do you know the boulevards? You will recognise faces seen at the Casino de Paris, the Folies Bergères, and other fashionable pleasure resorts. And what extraordinary meetings! Men who have parted in China, India, South Africa, or Australia, "run up against" each other in this luxurious crescent of gaiety. One evening, while the war was in its most critical phase, I observed the meeting of two men who were evidently officers. "Good God!" said one, "I thought you were killed at Magersfontein." "Yes," replied his friend, "so did everybody else. But I survived and have just come home to recuperate. Let's have a drink." And off they went to fight over again their battles on the arid veldt. Peers with £100,000 a year jostle medical students who exist on £2 per week, but who may become Princes of Science in ten years' time. How many trouble to watch what is passing on the stage?

WHERE TALENT ABOUNDS.

Yet no Hall in Europe offers smarter talent. The crowded stalls, boxes, circle and galleries prove that the Empire has many publics. Gratified are the most diversified tastes. The smartest ballets, the brightest acrobatic "turns," the most amusing dogs, the daintiest *chanteuses*, here find ample scope for their diverse talent. Is not the Empire the Home of Ballet? And does not its Manager capture the brightest stars in the Variety firmament—sometimes on fabulous terms?

THE PRICE OF VARIETY.

Mr. Hitchens believes in Variety. Thus everything except the ballet is constantly changing. The programme of to-night is seldom that of to-morrow. His the task to discover what London wants; to amuse the richest, most cosmopolitan, and most difficult public in the world. Aristocrats, artists, bourgeois, students, provincials, foreigners, and the "man in the street" form component parts of the Empire public. And their diversified tastes must be consulted and conciliated. How closely Mr. Hitchens must watch the effect of each and every "turn" on the various sections of his audience! What tactful diplomacy must he develop in dealing with the *artistes*—nervous, jealous, irritable and exacting in direct ratio with their talent or reputation. *Mon Dieu!* How does he contrive to satisfy them all?

THE MANAGER AT WORK.

There is nothing sinecurish about Mr. Hitchen's position. He must work like an American millionaire. Constantly on the alert for something fresh, attractive, curious, or weird. Fresh talent he must have at any price, any sacrifice. Obsessed by the cruel problem: "How can I amuse and interest my public and 'get a move' on my rivals?" Consider what he does! He takes rapid journeys in search of some constellative novelty; arranges for the scenery; listens to a new ballet music; studies the designs of new costumes; arranges and signs contracts with eminent artistes; suggests changes, improvements, and eliminations in "turns" needing such modifications; watches the receipts barometer; entertains eminent persons who yearn to penetrate the secrets of the Empire; conciliates the influential shareholders, and sometimes their wives and daughters! There is no end to his labours. And, overshadowing all this incessant labour is the constant preoccupation to renew, add to, or vary the interest of the entertainment, to astonish and charm London; to produce a spectacle which shall attract the smartest pleasure seekers of the West End. What would that region be after eight o'clock at night without the Empire? London would scarcely be London should the Empire cease to exist!

AN AMUSING STORY.

Apropos of the universal popularity of the Empire Music Hall, the Prince of Wales is fond of telling an amusing anecdote. He had spent an enjoyable evening with certain famous explorers and *savants*, who naturally told some exciting stories. Thus spoke a famous globe-trotter who had recently arrived from Vladivostock:—

* * * *

The Siberian Railway existed not. After a week's hard marching, a week of horrible fatigue, during which we spent sleepless nights under canvas, amidst snow and ice, in a district where never a native was to be seen, we finally reached, about nightfall, a sort of village. A few poor hovels, a straggling street, and a military post occupied by

By Geo. Garet-Charles

"*Our Crown*" at The Empire.

Mdlle. Papucci.
The Diamonds of Cape Colony.

Miss Ada Vincent.
The Pearls of Ceylon.

some Cossacks. We entered. The Russian officer in charge offered us a hearty welcome.

"You have come a long way?" he asked.

"Yes. From London City."

"Ah! —— London ——," said the young officer, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "London —— 'The Empire!'"

* * * *

He had explored the giant city. And his most vivid souvenir was of the Empire—its promenade; its brilliant spectacle. These had been graven on his memory, and he was delighted to revive those memories. His story had been passed on from outpost to outpost until the fame of "The Empire" had penetrated those vast regions which separate St. Petersburg from Vladivostock, on the shores of the Pacific.

EMPIRE THEATRE.

On May 28th, 1902, under the direction of GEO. EDWARDES,

OUR CROWN.

Designed and Supervised by Mr. WILHELM; Action and Dances arranged by Mdme KATTI LANNER; Music by Mons. LEOPOLD WENZEL; Scenery by JOSEPH HARKER.

A Messenger of Peace Mdlle. ADELINE GENÉE
The Muse of English History HETTY HAMER
India .. .. Mdlle. CORA
Australia .. .. .. M. PASTON
Burma .. .. E. CLERC
Ceylon .. .. ADA VINCENT
Canada .. .. E. TREE
Cape Colony .. .. Mdlle. Q. PAPUCCI
Spirits of Fame and Commerce, Heralds, Yeomen of the Guard, Choristers, etc.

Sc. I.—The Caves of Memory.—The Muse of English History recalls the chief incidents in the Reigns of the Royal Edwards.

Tab. I.—Carnarvon Castle, A.D. 1248.—Edward I. presenting his infant son (afterwards Edward II.) to the Welsh Chieftains as their Prince of Wales.

Tab. II.—The Siege of Calais, A.D. 1347.—Edward III., at the intercession of Queen Philippa, spares the lives of the Citizens.

Tab. III.—Westminster, A.D. 1471.—Edward IV. visiting Caxton's first Printing Press.

Tab. IV.—A.D. 1483.—Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, prisoners in the Tower.

Tab. V.—Edward VI., Founder of the Blue-coat School, A.D. 1552.

Tab. VI.—A Messenger of Peace invites the various Colonies to contribute of their resources to fashion the new Imperial Crown for King Edward VII. Spirits of Commerce attend the revolution of the Globe, revealing in turn the Gold of Australia, the Pearls of Ceylon, the Rubies of Burma, the Diamonds of Cape Colony, the Sapphires of India, the Ermine of Canada.

Sc. II.—London, 1902.—The Royal Pavilion of the British Empire.

WHEN I sat down in the only vacant seat at *the* Empire, a little while back, for the purpose of having a second look at *Our Crown*, I made up my mind to compare notes with previous productions at this house. I did so, with the result that I fancy the new ballet is perhaps the most gorgeous thing that even the Empire has given us. All concerned have laboured harmoniously and successfully, and have produced a show that will attract all London.

The curtain rises on the Caves of Memory, and here the muse of English history recalls the chief incidents in the reigns of the Royal Edwards. We are treated to a panoramic, historical survey, beginning with a series of "living pictures" of events in the times of the earlier King Edward, and passing on to six magnificent tableaux representing the formation of the Crown. Whilst a picture of the earth is seen revolving, there appear first the bearers of gold from Australia, clad in gorgeous costumes of cloth of gold. Then, in turn, come the rubies of Burmah, the sapphires of India (the ladies wearing ruby and sapphire tinted dresses of dazzling brilliancy), pearl laden ladies from Ceylon, others bearing diamonds from Cape Colony, and finally ermine-clad attendants from Canada. The effect of movement amongst this mass of dainty costumes, rich dresses, and scintillating garments, needs to be seen to be understood. All then assist in the construction of the crown, which closes the first scene.

The second scene—the Royal Pavilion—is a brilliant picture in red and gold, and represents the "Coronation festival." The Rose Ballet, which takes place here, is a feast of variegated colour, whilst the striking electrical effects of the final tableau, when thousands of tiny electric jets illuminate the crowns borne by the *corps de ballet*, bring deafening applause from an enchanted audience. Mdlle. Adeline Genée, as usual, wins all hearts with her wonderful and beautiful movements, and she is loyally supported by the second dancers, the Misses Paston, Clerc, Cora, Vincent, Papucci, and Tree. Finally, I will say that this ballet is just magnificent, added to which I will shout "Well done *everybody*!"

"OUR CROWN"

At the Empire.

By Geo. Garet-Charles.

"DAUGHTERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

India,
Mdlle. CORA.

Australia,
Miss PASTON.

Canada,
Miss TREE.

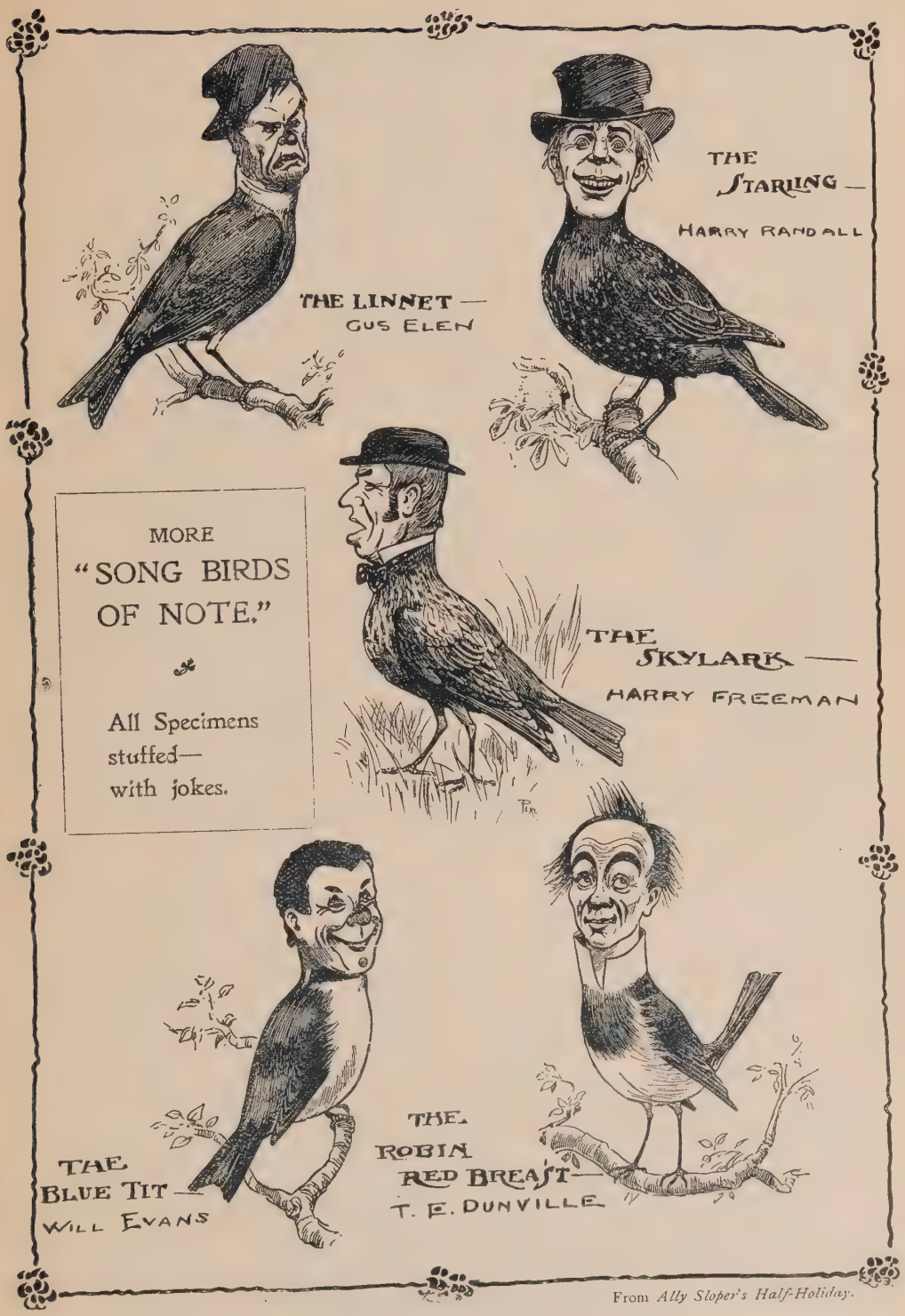
The Lighter Side.

THIS little bit of realism — typical of the waiting crowds that one may see, twice nightly, at the doors of the many suburban music-halls—met my eye a short time back whilst it—my eye—was making its customary morning ramble through the columns of the *Daily Telegraph.*

"Outside a terra-cotta palace, romantic portraits of ladies and gentlemen in evening dress smile upon the summer sky. At the doors of the palace wait long strings of the workaday world, within hail of the merchants in oranges and fearful and wonderful shellfish. The waiting crowd discusses the world and its joys and sorrows. "Wot I sez, I sez, 'Melier; it's only thruppence, an' it'll cheer yer up," says a stout lady, turning for corroboration to Amelia, who appears to be a latter-day Mrs. Gummidge. Amelia opines that the pictured ladies and gentlemen will not delight her so much as the stars of a distant past. Amelia is informed that it is like Amelia to say so. Other materials for social history are poured out elsewhere. "So she gimme a capoon," cries a little woman, in triumph. Her friend is incredulous. "Yuss. A capoon. Ah! give me a capoon, after all." It appears that capoon is in another tongue a capon; the little woman expresses her belief that it is better than all the grouses. In due season the doors of the palace emit the audience of the first performance. Oranges and shellfish are much in demand. There is evidently no decadence in the English digestion.

"Inside, the orchestra perform vigorously to an enthusiastic house, who have come to be amused and applaud everything, with high-pressure outbursts for their peculiar favourites. Probably some of the jokes are not of the most brilliant, but the sternest moralist might listen to them and the most supercilious rejoice with his rejoicing neighbours. For the audience do not dissemble their joy. Amelia, half-way through her second orange, is observed to brighten considerably—a fact which should interest the statesman. For Amelia (who would be very offended at hearing it) is a problem. Amelia is someone's maid-of-all-work. Amelia sees rather too much of the workaday world. Wherefore she has been the despair of many mistresses and a wanderer upon the face of the earth. She comes to the terra-cotta palace and sees the lighter side. Within its walls there are bright lights and gay pictures. There are ladies and gentlemen who make fun of the world and all that therein is. These it is good for Amelia to see and hear. Nor, of course, is it only Amelia. There is Amelia's brother, who works all day in a warehouse, and a gentleman dealing in bread who takes an interest in Amelia. They, too, come to the gorgeous building to find some brightness for a grey life of work. In this way the terra-cotta palace (which, no doubt, dutifully pays a dividend) is a philanthropic institution. So it is unnecessary to sneer at Amelia's palace. What man dares to sneer at the problem of Amelia, maid-of-all-work? Amelia's problem is fiercely attacked by the terra-cotta palace. To know that, you need only observe Amelia as she comes forth joyously and seeks the gentleman who will fry any fish while you wait. Amelia has seen the lighter side of the workaday world she was born to.

Marie Lloyd's Cherries.

A FEW weeks ago Miss Lloyd was (and may be now) living up the river in a house-boat. One dark night, so the story goes, having completed her work at the Metropolitan and Tivoli Music Halls, she sped away back to her house-boat, as usual, in anticipation of a much needed and well earned rest. The punt was waiting to meet her on the bank, but it was so dark that it was only just discernible in the weak light of the lantern which her friends had brought with them. In one moment Miss Lloyd had stepped into the punt, and, as she thought, took her seat. The next moment, however, she was missing, and not in the punt at all, but—the cherries on the top of her hat were floating. In point of fact she had sat down *in the water* and gone clean under. With the aid of the punt pole she was dug up more dead than alive, but she says she will never forget the night when, although she could hear the shouts of her friends — apparently miles away — she was drowning within a few inches of them.

THE LINNET — GUS ELEN
THE STARLING — HARRY RANDALL
MORE "SONG BIRDS OF NOTE."
All Specimens stuffed— with jokes.
THE SKYLARK — HARRY FREEMAN
THE BLUE TIT — WILL EVANS
THE ROBIN RED BREAST — T. E. DUNVILLE

From *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.*

Sketched by our mad Music—Hall—ite.

PLAYGROUNDS for PLAYGOERS: HASTINGS and ST. LEONARDS.

By "A Visitor."

Hastings. The Old Town; showing Lifeboat House, the Fishermen's quarters, and the East Hill.

London, which has been packed to suffocation during the last few weeks, is beginning to empty itself. Seaside resorts, whilst Coronation festivities were in preparation, had a bad time, but now hundreds of thousands are bidding good-bye to London, and other inland places, and making tracks for the coast. The South of England is particularly rich in picturesque watering places, the beauties of which are known the world over; and of these, the historic town of Hastings stands in many respects pre-eminent. When I speak of Hastings I include, of course, the neighbouring town of St. Leonards, and whenever I think of the two I see a lovely sea frontage, a glorious ocean, and a bright blue sky. A well known writer has said of Hastings: "She has the mingled charms of seaside and woody inland; of beach and cliff; of rock and glen; of field and grove; of hill and dale. Ancient churches and castles, ruined abbeys, dismantled priories, and venerable ancestral seats sprinkle the surrounding land, and make it teem with everlasting interest."

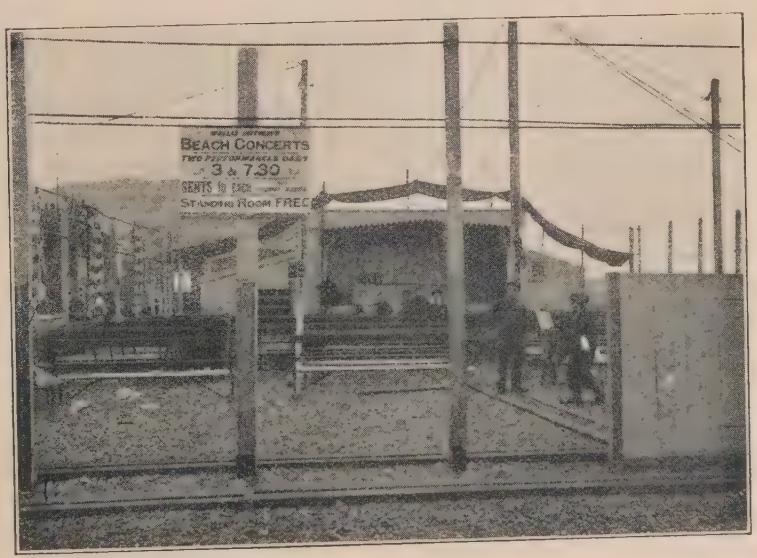
I will not here worry you with the history of the town from the time when the Romans made their camp in it—the numerous local guides have done this in an admirable manner—nor have I room to narrate any of the stories that are told of the old sea-dogs who used to run their cargoes of contraband spirits along the narrow streets of the ancient town, while the inhabitants discreetly saw nothing; but I will just give you a little idea of the town as it is to-day, with its seventy thousand inhabitants, its magnificent hotels and boarding houses, its fine piers and con-

A "turn" at the Hastings Empire. Miss May Moore Duprez.

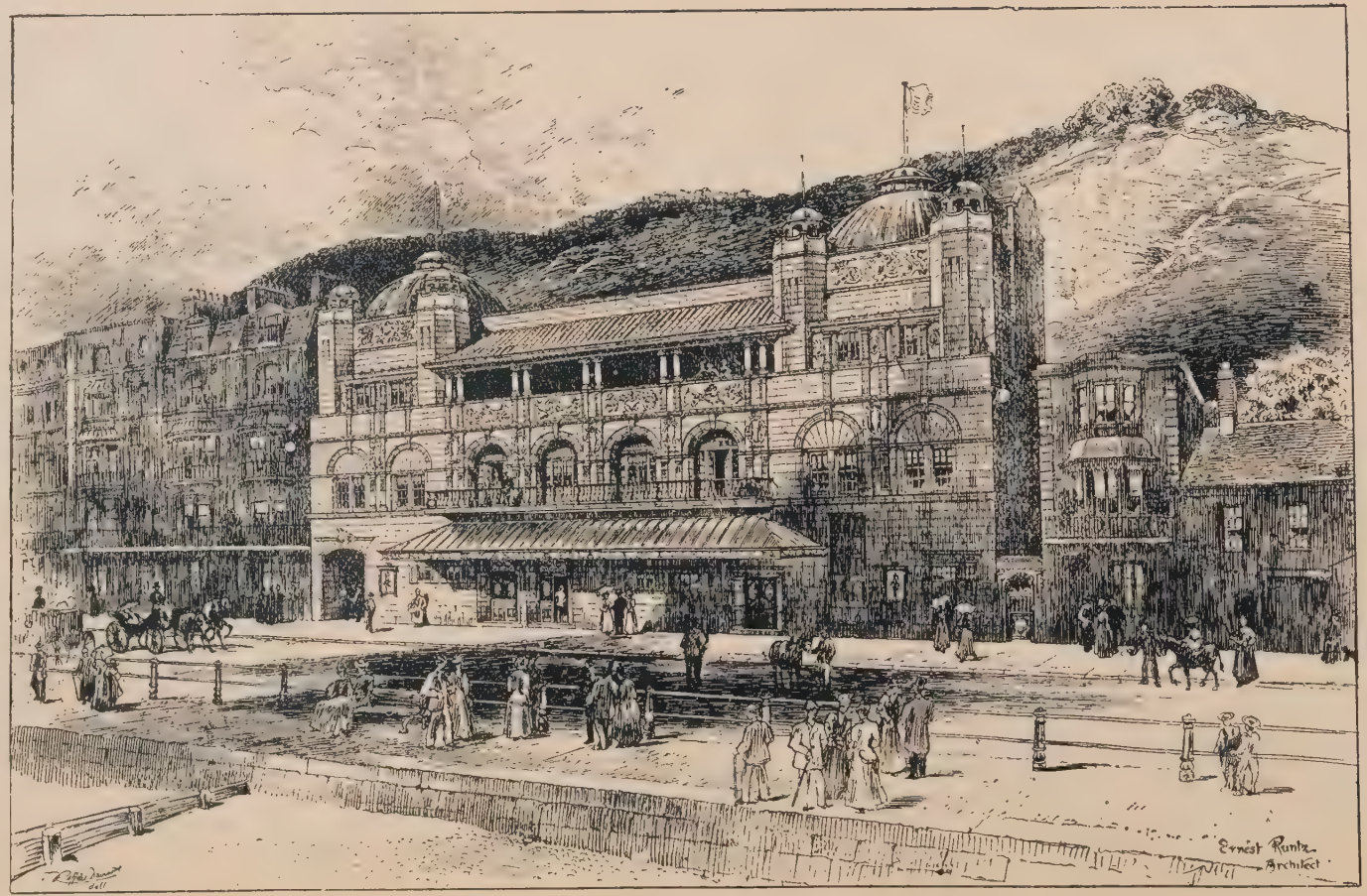
cert halls, its theatre, music hall, parks, gardens, baths, golf links, and, in fact, its every provision for the enjoyment of life.

How different it all was a hundred years ago! Then its population was but three or four thousand; it had but three or four streets; a stage coach would rumble into the town three or four times a week; and "tea drinkings" at the "Swan" in the High Street were one of the features of the "season." But now, thanks to the fast and commodious trains run by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway (the line I always travel by, because of its picturesque route—your train runs along by the sea for some miles before it reaches Hastings), as well as the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway, Hastings has become one of the most famous and popular seaside resorts in the kingdom—and its patrons include both peer and peasant. It has an "all the year round" season. It is mild in the winter, and cool in the summer; and being surrounded by hills on all sides except the south, where it lies open to the Channel, it has the advantage of possessing two climates. One has only to get up on the higher ground when one wants a breezy bracing air. Londoners, too, who lately have seen so little of the sun, should note that Hastings and St. Leonards, which are known to beat all other English resorts in regard to sunshine, enjoyed no less than two thousand and sixty one hours of it last year.

I am trying to make this little article as unlike a "guide book" as possible, therefore I



The "Concert Pavilion" on the Beach.



THE EMPIRE THEATRE OF VARIETIES AT HASTINGS.

Hastings. A Corner of the Beach.

will say little or nothing about the picturesque ruins of the Castle, the delightful country walks — where will you find a pleasanter three mile ramble than the walk over the hills (with the glittering sea in sight most of the way) to romantic Fairlight and the lovers' seat?—the numerous pleasant excursions by rail or coach, the daylight and moonlight trips by yacht and steamer, or the busy fishing quarter—the old original industry of Hastings—with its quaint and ancient buildings in what is called the "old town." Rather will I devote the rest of my small space to some of the attractions most likely to appeal to the playgoer.

What may be termed the centre of the many high class amusements in the town is Hastings Pier—deservedly called by Lord Granville, when he opened it in 1782, a "peerless pier." It is nine hundred feet long and forty feet wide, and the fine large pavilion at the end holds fifteen hundred people. On it there is a continuous round of amusement. Concerts (including sacred concerts on Sundays) and dramatic entertainments take place afternoon and evening, the band plays daily, and there is always a good Christmas pantomime. The pavilion is more often than not crammed to its utmost capacity, and it is estimated that one million people pass through the pier turnstiles every year.

At the west end of the town is the new St. Leonards pier, nine hundred and fifty feet long. The pavilion, in which is given high class entertainments daily, is conveniently placed near the shore end, and seats seven hundred people.

The wettest of wet evenings in Hastings need not mean a dull time at home, for leading entertainment artistes, including some of the best dramatic companies, are constantly visiting the town. Some of these, of course, are engaged for the piers, but only some of them. High class touring companies visit the Gaiety (in Queen's Road), a thirteen hundred holding playhouse, built in 1882; whilst a constant succession of music hall artistes exhibit turns of every possible kind to large and appreciative audiences at the Empire. This imposing terra-cotta structure, with its domes and turrets, was opened over four years ago. It faces the sea; in fact, it is built on the site of the old Marine Hotel, where the Empress Eugenie and the late Prince Imperial sojourned for a time in the autumn of 1870.

By the way, you should visit the curious excavations known as St. Clement's Caves. There is always room for you, seeing that

Hastings. The Parade, where are the magnificent Baths and the Bandstand.

five thousand people are required to fill them. They are under the spot known as the West Hill. If you are not fond of climbing you can reach the hilltop by the lift in George Street.

Very beautiful and restful is the Alexandra Park, where flowers of every hue are massed together in brilliant profusion. Illuminated summer fêtes are frequently held in it. The fairy like beauty of the scene, as sweet strains from the band float upon the still summer air, and myriads of coloured lamps twinkle amidst the rich foliage and about the gorgeous flower beds, reminds one more of the

Hastings Pier.

Eversfield Place, St. Leonards.

"Arabian Nights" than of prosaic England. Next to these fêtes, commend me to a stroll on the Esplanade at early evening. Dull indeed must be he or she who is not stirred by the panoramic effect of the gaily-coloured crowd. You will probably mingle with it and take this unsurpassed illuminated evening walk; and as the band plays, and the three miles of electric lights vie with the rapidly appearing stars, and the sparkling lamps of the pier are reflected on the waves, it is difficult to believe that there is or ever was such a place as hot, dusty, matter-of-fact old London.

Hastings. Over the Hills to Fairlight and the "Lovers' Seat."

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP

The Trousers did it.

A MODEST pair of unmentionables, the property of an innocent young man, appear to have been the means of obtaining for the Viennese actress, Fräulein Helene Odilon, an important engagement at the Berlin Court Theatre. Here is the lady's own account of a remarkable and certainly very laughable incident :—

"It happened one evening whilst I was fulfilling an engagement at the Ems Pavilion Theatre, and when the Emperor William I. was paying it his customary visit. My part was that of a boy. All was ready with one exception—the woman who was to bring my suit, for which I had been specially measured, had not yet arrived. It was a moment of great anxiety; the manager, who was at his wits' end, happened to peep through a rent in the curtain, when he spied a youthful attendant. To make a dash at the innocent boy, seize him by the wrist, and drag him behind the curtain took but a few seconds.

"'Undress; off with your trousers!' yelled the manager. 'Don't argue. The Emperor is waiting.'

"A pause.

"'Get out of those trousers! Move yourself! You dare not keep the Emperor waiting!'

"Of course the poor lad was dazed. No doubt he thought that either he or we had gone raving mad.

"But there was no time to be lost. Tearing off his waistcoat the manager and the dresser flung the struggling attendant upon a seat, and seized—each of them—a leg of his trousers. With a sigh of relief I snatched the coveted 'unmentionables' out of the manager's hand, and quickly slipped into them under cover of my mantle.

* * * *

"The curtain was lifted punctually, and forgetting that my trousers were tight I rushed on the stage. The tightness seemed to disappear—I could move more freely—and I began to congratulate myself. Then I thought I heard a weird, cracking sound like the opening of a rusty gate, but still I felt delightfully easy.

"The Emperor was laughing loudly; everybody was laughing loudly. The heads of the ladies disappeared behind their fans, and I heard them tittering. I continued my speech, 'Openly will I stand before Teresa.'

"The words 'openly will I' had scarcely left my lips when I was greeted with shriek after shriek of laughter. I felt, instinctively, that the eyes of the spectators were riveted on one particular portion of

By Morrison, U.S.A.

Miss MARY HALL,

the charming actress who, you will remember, came to London at the beginning of the year to play "Estrella Bonham" in *Arizona*.

my clothing, and, following their gaze, I looked down. *The trousers had split!* Terrified and ashamed, I covered my face with my hands and rushed off the stage.

"Humiliated, I locked myself in my dressing-room, and was weeping loudly, when the Adjutant-General, Count Lehndorff, knocked at the door, and called out :

"'His Majesty sincerely hopes that the misfortune has been remedied, and that you will resume your part.'

"Meanwhile my proper wardrobe had arrived, and quickly dressing from it, I once more, but with no little trepidation, walked on the stage, and was very heartily greeted, the Emperor himself leading the applause.

"On my meeting the Emperor the next day he approached me with : 'My dear young lady, there is always a vacancy at the Court Theatre of Berlin for such charming talent and *young heroes*,' and five days later I received an engagement, by command of the Emperor, to join the theatre in question."—Translated from the *Neue Wiener Journal*.

"The Gay Cadets."

THERE are tuneful songs, lively dances, and merry quips galore in the musical comedy, *The Gay Cadets*, which Basil Dawes has for some twelve months been taking around the provinces and the suburbs.

* * * *

Plenty of scope for merriment is afforded in the grounds of a young ladies' seminary which are "next door" to the parade ground used by the cadets of the Royal Military Training College. A Government Commission is considering whether it would be more economical to remove the military college or to raise the dividing wall to such a height as to prevent the cadets from climbing over it to flirt with the girls. Needless to say they *do* climb over it very frequently ; and as the little darlings they go to see are wont to take their drill exercises in bloomers, what more natural than they should get mixed up sometimes with the cadets. One of the dear bloomer wearers is a beautiful Egyptian girl by name Cara Luna, who, anon, returns to her native land to marry the Sultan of Badmash, and who, by one of those strange coincidences only to be found in musical comedy, causes the whole of the characters to follow her to the land of the Pharaohs.

* * * * *

As "Cara Luna" Miss Decima Moore charms everybody, including the cadets, with her dainty and delightful acting, singing, and dancing, and perhaps her biggest hit is when she sings "It's the Skirt that does the Trick." The rest of the cast is equally excellent. You might look out for *The Gay Cadets*, and when they come your way pay them a visit.

The "Old Actor's" reply to Mr. John Coleman.

THE writer of the article referred to by Mr. Coleman when writing "Her Majesty's Servants in the Days of the King's Youth" in last month's *Playgoer*, has set up the following defence. I give his reply in full :—

Miss DECIMA MOORE

as "Princess Cara" in *The Gay Cadets*.

"Mr. John Coleman, flattering himself and his profession, ignores well known facts, and cannot digest any food but that of his own cooking, not even Shakespeare's.

"Allow me to call into court a few witnesses, and first an old actress, warmly liked and truly respected by all who knew her, Mrs. Bancroft, who, writing her *Gleanings from On and Off the Stage* (1892), says of her father, who was an actor named Wilton :—'In his time, far more than now, the profession of the stage was looked upon by many with great horror. To be an actor meant exile from home, family, friends, and general respectability. This was my father's lot ;' and she describes how, sitting with her parents 'by the fireside on a winter's night, in later life they recalled stories of my childhood which carried me back painfully to the past and brought many a tear to my eyes.'

"Edmund Yates, speaking of the stage in his father's time, says actors were scornfully regarded, and no middle class schools would even admit their sons and daughters to mingle with their pupils. He says, when actors came into a village the cry was 'take the linen from the hedge,' and that when they came to a town no respectable lodging-house keepers would receive them ; that their favourite haunts were the lowest pot-houses, and that when his grandfather was in Newcastle, so unpopular were actors that it was not safe for them to appear in the streets. That Macready had no respect for his profession is a well known fact never yet disputed.

"The elder Charles Mathews, speaking of actors in Leeds, says :—'The extraordinary—nay, frightful—

prejudice cherished by the people of that day' made the actors' visits to this town 'a matter of serious dread—it appeared as if even the lives of the performers were held in no consideration.' In some parts of London he says it was little better, and he describes how in some towns it was not safe for an actress to appear alone in a public thoroughfare. Regarded as thieves, drunkards and cheats wherever they went, they far too frequently rather exulted defiantly in being what they were said to be than what they should have been.

"Fitzball the dramatist, who died in 1873, speaks of 'the petty jealousies and heart-burnings which occur in all theatres' (1859). Douglas Jerrold tells of the trials, misfortunes and hardships of an actor's career in his young days. Charles Dillon's experience told the same tale. One of his biographers wrote in one of our shilling magazines:—'The early efforts of the present race of histriones were made under more favourable surroundings than those of the past age.' Charles Dillon lived when journeys were long and expensive, when provincial circuits were far apart, and 'it was a not unusual sight when an actor was out of funds . . . to see him and his family, stowed away amidst straw baggage in one of the long unwieldy waggons of the time, lumbering along the broken and rutted road at the high pressure speed of three or four miles an hour. But there were periods when even that luxury could not be indulged in, and when walking was the only resource left, lame legs and sore feet being the result. . . I have often heard Charles Dillon say, when a young man (playing 'the lead'), he had to make these foot journeys, ill clad, moneyless, hungry, foodless and weary, and when 'With his senses in a sort of stupor, he wandered up and down roads and cross roads, lanes and by-lanes, till worn out and numbed' he fell asleep in the open air.

"Most of my dearest friends were actors, or were so when alive, and I still retain some of them. I should be the last man in the world to denounce, as Mr. Coleman says I have, with 'a tissue of calumnies.' I might, if I thought it of any use, increase the number of my witnesses, but is not my case proved without them?

"THE OLD ACTOR."

"The Old Theatrical House" (The Harp), in Russell Street, Covent Garden.

Distinguished Amateurs.

THE sum of £500 was handed to the secretary of St. George's Hospital as the result of the amateur performances of *The Toreador* which took place last month at the Court Theatre, and which were organised by Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge. The entertainment was really a most excellent one, and the staging of the play was superb. In the cast were Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, the Misses Bainbridge, Miss Carson, Miss Milvain, Lady Muriel North, Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart., Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, and Captain Hill, M.P. Owing to the success of the performers, Mr. Geo. Edwardes gave permission for five representations instead of one only as originally arranged. Some of the Gaiety company were interested spectators amongst one of the five large and very fashionable audiences.

A famous Theatrical Tavern

is the "Old Harp" in Russell Street, Covent Garden. As the building, which is nearly opposite the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre, is about to be demolished, I give you one or two facts anent its associations with *the* profession. Part of the panelling of its old parlour was damaged by an indentation which, as the story goes, was caused by the impact of a pewter pot which Edmund Kean flung at the head of a man who had had the courage to contradict him.

This piece of wainscot will adorn the walls of the new house.

Sheridan is said to have been sitting in the old parlour when the news was brought him that his theatre was on fire. Draining off the contents of his pewter pot, he exclaimed, "Well, sir, and cannot a man sit in peace by his own fireside?"

* * * *

Another story relates how, in the early forties or thereabouts, Macready, the most irascible actor on the stage of his day, received notice that the Queen's consort, Prince Albert, accompanied by Baron Stockmar, would visit Drury Lane Theatre in order to see his performance of *Macbeth*. Macready entered the Harp and ordered dinner to be served in a private room. Something having upset him, he threw the viands out of the window, and then, locking the door on the inside, seized a poker and smashed the pictures and furniture. Then the actor stepped over to the theatre and played *Macbeth* as he had never done before. The then landlord of the Harp knew his man,

By Geo. Garet-Charles.

Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge as "Dora Selby" in the amateur performance of *The Toreador* (see opposite).

By Lavis.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, EASTBOURNE.

and did not take official notice of the outrage. He sent in the bill for the damage the next day, and Macready, who was then in a temporary state of amiability, paid just double the amount claimed.

Within sound of the Sea, the Theatre Royal, Eastbourne, occupies a fine site in the centre of the town. Since Mr. J. L. Toole opened it some seventeen years ago the theatre has passed through various stages of progression until at the present time it can claim to be one of the prettiest and cosiest theatres to be found in the south, and its "money capacity" is greater than any other place of amusement in the town. With these advantages, backed by the personal care, energy, and enterprise of Mr. Samuel Lloyd, who has lately purchased the property, this house will commence what in all probability will prove to be a prosperous career.

* * * *

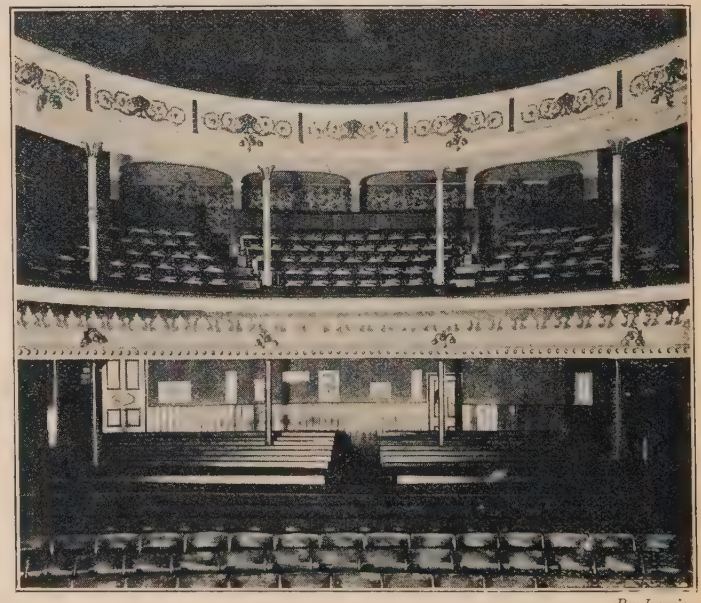
In the centre of the extensive front of the theatre an ornamental portico marks the main entrance, palms, flowers and pictures brighten the lofty vestibule, and a draped female figure holds aloft an electric light to guide patrons up the broad, richly carpeted staircase to the dress circle. The interior is very compact and comfortable, and from every seat a good view of the stage may be obtained. The upholstering is in peacock blue plush. The general decoration is carried out in cream and gold. The ceiling is painted to represent the sky, the expanse of blue being relieved by white fleecy clouds, and the whole is illuminated by tinted pendant electric lights.

* * * *

Here is a specimen of the varied and high class fare that has from time to time been provided:—

Wilson Barrett and Maud Jeffries in *Claudian*, *Hamlet*, etc.; Fanny Brough, Haidee Wright, and Ernest Leicester in *Masks and Faces* and *The Prude's Progress*; the late D'Oyley Carte's opera companies, including George Thorne and Fred Billington; the late Osmond Tearle in Shakesperean plays; Grace Hawthorne in *Theodora*; Janet Atchurch in *A Doll's House*, when, by the way, Ellen Terry occupied a pit stall and witnessed the performance, in which Edith Craig appeared; Kate Rorke in *A Fool's Paradise*; and many other artistes of note have appeared at the Eastbourne Theatre Royal.

Ben-Hur has been and is still drawing record houses to Drury Lane Theatre, and Klaw & Erlanger, the producers of the play, deserve great credit for making their first London production one of such artistic taste and beauty. Its magnitude can be gauged by the unexaggerated estimate that it incidentally employs no less than six hundred people in the presentation, and the reverence with which the religious theme has been treated has been specially commented on by Her Majesty the Queen on her



By Lavis.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, EASTBOURNE.

By Dereské.

Mrs. LEWIS WALLER and her little girl Nancy.

Mrs. Waller is a keen lover of outdoor life ; besides frequently exercising her skill as a horsewoman, she has for some time been one of the great army of motorists.

repeated visits, in addition to attracting the attention of the large body of clergymen and Nonconformist ministers who continue to patronise the play. A beautiful and artistically designed souvenir album was given away on the 1st inst. to mark the one hundredth performance of *Ben-Hur*.

Why the Author was Elected. NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON, the author, who was recently nominated by the Republicans of Marion County for the Indiana Legislature and ran ahead of his associates on the primary ballot by six hundred votes, says that he did not know how to account for the result until the other day, when he began discussing the recent primary with a farmer. Tarkington was unknown to the farmer, and, affecting innocence, asked if Tarkington was pretty well known to the people who gave him such a handsome vote.

"No," said the farmer, "none of us around here knows him. The papers said he's a playwriter and some kind of an actor, and we just wanted to see what kind of a derned fool he'd make of himself in the Legislature."—*Inland Printer*.

One of the handsomest theatres in London will be the new Gaiety, the erection of which is being got on with very rapidly. Later on you will find that it is built of Portland stone, with pillars of dark green marble, and surmounted by a copper dome crowned with a figure of progress. It is to have some twenty exits, those from the royal box being on the street level, and, internally, the theatre will present many novel features.

* * * *

Lifts will communicate the stage with all the dressing rooms, saving incalculable wear and tear of dresses. A magnificent promenade is to be established in the dome, and comfort will be the first and last consideration. To ensure this, 8 ins. have been added to the space between the rows of stalls as demanded by the L.C.C. regulations ; and, although the area of the theatre is considerably more than the old house, the new Gaiety will hold the same, viz., fifteen hundred playgoers.

Silence! DURING the erection of the Coronation stand on the ground where once stood Holywell Street I was much puzzled over the words "Strict Silence," which were printed in bold black letters and placed high on a wall above the timber. "What an incongruous command to placard over the roaring traffic of the Strand," I thought, as I enquired the why and the wherefore. But it appears that the notice was the last relic of a popular theatre, for the wall on which it was pasted once enclosed the gallery of the Opera Comique—the theatre famous as the first home of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas—which, as you doubtless know, has just lately been taken down by the L.C.C. to make way for the new road. And so the bill once pasted up for the occupants of the little gallery becomes visible to the countless thousands who incessantly pass along the Strand.

BOOKS MUSIC

New Music, Books, and all publications of interest to playgoers generally, are noticed under this heading. They should be addressed to the Editor, and marked "For Review."

BIOGRAPHS OF BABYLON

—

G. R. SIMS

3/6

Chatto & Windus

SEATED at one of the crowded tables in a Leicester Square café, just before midnight, were two performers. One of them, a young man, was known as the "Tiger King," and the other, a handsome woman, was his partner, for between them they did wonderful things with some tigers at one of the Variety houses.

The lady is suddenly recognised by a foreigner who approaches the table and introduces himself. She does not remember him until he tells her his name, the mention of which causes her to turn ghastly pale, and soon afterwards get up and go into the street.

The Tiger King, with scowling face, informs the stranger that the lady is his wife—and does not desire the intruder's further acquaintance, but the stranger's reply is to invite the animal tamer to his rooms, on the morrow, for a few minutes' private conversation.

* * * *

At the appointed time, the stranger, whose name is De Norval, informed the Tiger King how his brother, Henri de Norval, then a lieutenant in a regiment quartered at Tours, fell in love with and married a beautiful girl, who, as it turned out, married him for his money only; when her husband became bankrupt, she cooled towards him, and tempting him to earn a sum of money by treachery, he yielded, but was discovered, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to lifelong deportation to New Caledonia.

"Out there he is to-day. Out there he will remain until he dies. This woman has sent him to a living death. But he loves her still. . . . The woman who made my brother a traitor . . . . is the woman I saw you with last night."

"But," stammered the Tiger King, "her name was Margaret Nunez. She was the widow of a Spanish officer who died in South America."

"If she told you that tale it was to deceive you—it *has* deceived you. . . . She is not your wife—she is the wife of a convict. She is Margaret de Norval. Bring us together, and let her deny it if she can."

* * * *

One Saturday, some time later, the Tiger King told his wife (to whom he had behaved as if nothing had happened) that a new trick would be tried that night.

The theatre was packed. When the Tiger King came out of the cage to fetch his wife from the wings, she asked him what was the matter with "Satan" (one of the tigers), who seemed more savage than usual.

"Nothing, my dear," he replied. "I've been training him to roar and show off, to heighten the effect of my last trick. Come along."

And they both entered the cage, and went through part of their performance with the usual success. Presently the lady, as usual, smiled and called "Satan! Satan, come here!"

The great beast rose and crept like a cat towards her. Then rearing up to his full height he put his paws gently on her face. This was a part of their performance.

The audience shuddered. The husband smiled. There was a pause. Then the Tiger King did something the men in the orchestra never remembered to have seen him do before.

He cracked his whip. Instantly the tiger gave a savage roar, and lifting one paw, drew it down with extended claws across the woman's face.

The woman gave a shriek of pain. The audience rose horrified. In a moment there would have been a panic. The manager, who was standing in the wings, shouted to the leader of the orchestra, who struck up a lively tune, and the curtain fell swiftly.

* * * *

At the end of a month Margaret was able to leave the hospital. She wired her husband that she was prepared to join him in Berlin. She wondered why she had received no letters from him. Then she saw herself for the first time in a looking-glass. The shock nearly killed her. She would never be able to go into the streets again without a *veil*, and she wondered if her husband had any idea how horrible she was.

He replied to her telegram. It came as a letter. "If you wish to join your husband you had better apply to the French Government for permission to go to New Caledonia. I have no intention of travelling about the world with a convict's wife."

Then Margaret De Norval knew and understood. The Tiger King had trained Satan to help him to square accounts with the woman who had deceived him.

* * * *

The above is the merest outline of one of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's version of fifteen little dramas which might happen in London at any time. *Biographs of Babylon* is an excellent title, and you may be sure that Mr. Sims has written these little tales, which range from tragedy to farce, to please everybody. In short, this is just the volume with which to while away an hour in a railway train, or on the sands by the silver sea. Have you got that down?

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF LONDON

—

ROBERT MACHRAY

6/-

Macqueen

WOULD you have a twentieth century pen and pencil record of things seen in London by night? Then hurry up and read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the brilliant descriptions of places and scenes set forth in Robert Machray's latest and most interesting volume, the title to which is *The Night-Side of London*. Although the book is not so complete a record as to deal with, for instance, "night work" at the G.P.O. or in the newspaper offices, or on the river, the author takes the reader, after midnight, through the streets of the West and East End of London, to "all-night" coffee stalls, to all sorts of functions that happen after dark in Society, to an East End music-hall performance, to a Covent Garden Ball, a Holborn Town Hall "Shilling Hop," and behind the scenes of several of the most popular London Clubs. Every chapter is brilliant, realistic, and full of absorbing interest, and all of them are beautifully illustrated by that prince of illustrators, Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A.

From *The Night-Side of London*.

"Your host tells you something about the members, mentioning well known actors, artists, dramatists——"

To quote much from this most entertaining of books would not, of course, be fair, but I feel I must copy out a paragraph or two from what I may call the "theatrical" chapters. Speaking of plays and players the author says:—

"What high-life London wants is to be amused; it seeks for brightness, sparkle, pretty ensembles; it hates to be made to think. It will have nothing to say to Ibsen; it likes Mr. George Alexander, but it prefers Mr. George Edwardes five days out of the six. Its standard of intelligence is not the highest in the world, but then you can't expect it to have everything. High living and plain thinking are not necessarily yoke-fellows, but they undoubtedly form the average team. If the combination ever by any chance reads a dramatic criticism, it may possibly look at half a dozen lines by Mr. Clement Scott, but not a single sentence written by Mr. William Archer."

Of the opening night of the Opera the author says:—"Some minutes before the curtain goes up the auditorium is packed with as many great, distinguished, or rich people as it can hold. It is a wonderful society gathering. In the boxes you shall see rank, beauty, fashion; fair faces, with eyes flashing or languorous, above dazzling shoulders; the gleam of diamonds, the glitter of jewels, the flirting of fans; confections the most artistic and superb in dress and costume *de Paris*—their wearers set off by the plain, undistinguished evening attire of the men, as if by the most splendid of foils. And in the stalls it is much the same. Here, in brief, is Everybody who is Anybody—peers, peeresses, statesmen, great ladies, diplomats, politicians, high financiers, merchant princes—*tout le monde et sa femme*. And amongst them it is just possible there are some genuine lovers of music."

And then we go to the theatre, not necessarily a West End house, for "in the theatres of Kensington, and Fulham, and Clapham, and other districts of the town, you will see as good acting and as well-mounted pieces as you will see anywhere—and you will see them for far less money. For it is the one rule to which there is no exception, that belonging to the West End, being in the West End, buying in the West End, doing anything whatsoever in the West End, will cost you more than it will anywhere else

on earth. If on theatrical pleasure bent, you will find it no bad scheme to drive down, say, to the Coronet, and spend your evening there for a change. Besides, you will behold other classes of people altogether. For there Suburbia, which is much in evidence in the West End in the afternoons at matinées and 'Pops,' goes to the play of an evening. And it is more and more getting into the habit of frequenting the playhouses situated in its midst, and less and less of going to the West End theatres. As a great treat it goes occasionally to the Haymarket, or Wyndham's, or the Garrick, or some other of the central houses; it makes a point of marching its families to the Pantomime at Drury Lane at Christmas time; but for the most part it is well content with its local theatres."

Anon, the author takes us into a Deptford "Penny Gaff" (or "tuppence" if you want a "stall"), where we are vastly entertained with the blood-curdling drama anent *Maria Martin; or, the Murder in the Red Barn*, what time most of the audience eat fried fish, suck oranges, and crack nuts; the next evening we visit an East End "Palace of Varieties," where one and sixpence is charged for a *fauteuil*, and in this chapter the author deals with many very varied "turns" in realistic fashion.

In a long chapter on a night of "fun"—a masked ball at Covent Garden—we read:—

"Unquestionably, it is a merry scene, bright, sparkling, picturesque, but its main feature is that of a sportive and not easily discouraged jollity. There is a good deal of cheerful noise. In some sets the dance is rendered to perfection. And why not? For amongst the men and women are some of the best performers in London. As the dance proceeds each and all abandon themselves more and more to the gay suggestion of the music, and there is less and less of the orthodox drawing-room style of dancing to be seen. Here a man dressed as a monk catches up his partner in his arms, and holding her aloft waltzes 'around,' as the Americans phrase it. Another man, in ordinary evening dress, follows his example—there is much laughter, for in another moment he and his partner are sprawling on the floor. They pick themselves up, and there is more laughter. Some of the ladies indulge in a little 'high kicking,' and you have seductive glimpses of flashing, shapely, silk-stockinged legs. And all over the immense floor much the same kind of thing is going on, but to get a perfect view you must go up to one of the boxes."

From *The Night-Side of London.*

The Masked Ball at Covent Garden.

"The cord which bound the fat monk's capacious waist is removed by a lady, and in a few moments a skipping rope is at work."

A member is supposed to invite you to supper at the Eccentric Club, and you go, and here are your impressions:—

"The rooms of the Club are in Shaftesbury Avenue, not far from Piccadilly Circus, and hither you hie with the friendly member whose guest you are to be. *En route* you will probably make enquiry as to how the Club comes by its suggestive appellation, and you hear, with some little natural disappointment it may be, that the only eccentric thing about the Club is its name. But has the Club no special features? you ask; and then you hear that it has at any rate one peculiarity, which consists in certain of the members from time to time making up 'surprise' theatre-parties. A furniture van, for choice, is hired, the 'surprisers' get into it, drive off to the particular theatre selected for the visit, and then descend upon that theatre in force and capture the stalls (with the benevolent consent of the management or without it). There are not a few theatrical managers who are quite willing, strange as it may appear, to be Eccentricised in this manner — more especially as the raiders pay, pay, pay.

"Arrived at the entrance to the Club, you go in from the street, now silent and deserted save for one or two wandering shadows, and ascend a flight of stairs, the walls of the stairway being decorated with large photographs of celebrities. You then walk into a handsome room — the smoke-room and general talk-room of the place. A big-canvas by 'P.A.L.' (Paleologue) immediately takes your eye —it is the only picture in the room. Its subject is mythological — a group of nymphs and satyrs having a high old time, in a climate, so to speak, where even the fig-leaf was considered too pronounced a garment for really well-dressed people. At one side of the painting is a grand piano, and on it are books of cuttings, menus, and other memorabilia. In another place you are sure to notice a programme of a theatrical entertainment given by the 'Lambs' of New York, a club whose members are also, by arrangement, members of the Eccentric, and *vice versa*. The piece given on that occasion was *His Christmas Alimony*, and the programme bears the signatures of a great many distinguished 'Lambs,' foremost amongst them being that of Mr. Nat Goodwin."

Before you leave the Club—I mean the book—there is quite an exciting time for you among the "Hop-picking" fraternity, on a Saturday night, when that vast army of East-Enders take their annual——but there! "Git the book, can't yer?"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"God save the King"

is everybody's prayer. With the rapidity of a thunderbolt the cry lost the ring of jubilation which accompanied it but a few weeks ago. The Coronation is still something to come and nothing to look back upon. The postponement of the Coronation festivities came with awful suddenness, but, happily, there is every good reason to hope that His Majesty will soon be himself again, and that some, at least, of the long-looked-for ceremonies and celebrations will soon be with us. Mindful, as ever, of the humblest of his subjects, the King would not hear of the poor being deprived of the Dinner to which he had invited them, and at the time of writing the Dinner is coming off as originally arranged, and a positive army of theatre, concert-hall, and music-hall artistes will give as many entertainments as possible after it.

* * * *

Of course, the theatres that intended closing on the two procession days, were able to remain open, and West End managers, of both theatres and music-halls, are to be congratulated upon the large audiences which have been the rule in their houses ever since the postponement—a fact due, I imagine, to the extraordinary influx of visitors, and the consequent crowded state of London.

A Donkey Derby.

To-day (the 15th July) the annual merry music-hall sports in aid of that deserving institution, the Music Hall Benevolent Fund, take place at the L.C.C. Grounds at Herne Hill. One of the principal, and, I doubt not, one of the funniest events will be the Donkey Derby, in which some of our leading comedians will take part. But of this race (?), and other events, more next month.

New Books

are as plentiful as the rain. Some of them are not worth the covers they are bound up in; others are good enough to read again and again, and even after their covers have dropped off. Four books of this latter category have lately come under my notice. *At the Change of the Moon* (Greening & Co.; 2s. 6d.) is a little volume consisting of eight tales of the creepy crawly kind, by Bernard C. Blake. Although these stories may be a wee bit uncanny, the book is not exactly morbid. The general result is rather to enlist sympathy, and you will find these stories exceedingly good holiday reading.

(*Continued on p.* x.)

Royal Strand Theatre.
Lessee and Manager—Mr. Frank Curzon.
EVERY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK.
Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2.15.
A Chinese Honeymoon.
By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.
LOUIE FREEAR.
KATE CUTLER. FARREN SOUTAR.
MARIE DAINTON

Lyric Theatre.
Lessee—Mr. W. GREET.
Under the management of Mr. TOM B. DAVIS.
EVERY NIGHT at 8.30.
MATINEES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.
Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and
Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT in
Mice and Men,
by Madeleine Lucette Ryley.
Box Office, 10 to 10.

Shakespeare Theatre,
CLAPHAM, S.W.
Manager—H. G. DUDLEY BENNETT.
July 14th.—"ALONE IN LONDON."
,, 21st.—"A PAINTED WOMAN."
,, 28th.—"HELD BY THE ENEMY."
Aug. 4th.—"A BROKEN MELODY."
,, 11th.—"THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER."
POPULAR PRICES.
Telegrams—"Theatrum, London."
Telephone—41 Battersea.

Kennington Theatre, S.E.
Telegrams—"Prevoyant." Telephone—1006 Hop.
Sole Proprietor and Manager—Mr. Robert Arthur.
Prospective Engagements.
July 14th.—"WHY SMITH LEFT HOME.
,, 21st.—CLOSED FOR DECORATIONS.
,, 28th.—DAN LENO AND COMPANY IN A NEW MUSICAL PLAY.
Aug. 4th (Bank Holiday).—"A MONTH OF PLEASURE."
,, 11th.—"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU."
Evenings at 7.45. Matinees, every Thursday, 2.30.
Prices, 6d. to 4s. Box Office open 10 to 10.

EDITORIAL NOTES—*continued from p.* ix.

* * * *

A new two-shilling edition of *The Sign of the Cross*, by Wilson Barrett, has just been published by John Macqueen. If you have not yet read this beautiful work, this is the edition to ask for. Note that it is well printed on a good stout paper, and is bound in heavy moss green covers.

* * * *

Uniform with their thin paper volumes of *Shakespeare*, Messrs. Newnes have published, in one little volume, *The Works of Francis Bacon*. The pretty green covers are handsomely designed in gold, and although there are 758 pages you could put the whole into your breast coat pocket comfortably. This is a really delightful presentation volume.

* * * *

A most daintily got up novel, and one that makes an appropriate gift-book, is *The Ghost of the Englishwoman* (John Fletcher of Exeter; 5s.). Mr. John Houdart de Lisle, the author, has succeeded, with great literary skill, in weaving round a telling plot a bold and ingenious love story. I wanted nothing else to read, when once I had commenced to read the *Ghost*, until I had reached the end of the final chapter. The white covers of this book are tied with green silk ribbons.

Collectors of Photographs

who would like to make a selection from one of the most varied and extensive stocks in London of pictures from Shakespeare's plays, portraits of actresses, studies of animals, flowers, yachts, and artists' figures, should send three stamps for the illustrated catalogue of Messrs. Erdmann & Schanz of 116 Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W. I have had the pleasure of looking over a number of these photographs, and am convinced that for excellence of finish they are not to be surpassed.

A Novelty.

Mention of photographs reminds me that I want to recommend to you W. Tylar's (High Street, Aston, Birmingham) wonderful little bracket and frame for holding them. It is called the "Cornerpiece" (4s. 6d. post free), and, although it packs away as flat as a pancake, by simply hanging it to a nail it adjusts itself into a substantial bracket. It looks quite handsome in the corner of your dining room, and just fits the portrait of your best girl, or favourite actress; besides, you can rest your tobacco jar or any other ornament on the top of it.

If you write much,

may I give you a hint? I have no idea how much ink I use in a year, but I do know that I cover an enormous quantity of paper, and that I have inked as much paper in the last two months as used to take me four months to cover. To come to the point, I am now using a *Swan Fountain Pen*, and, like many others who use one, am wondering how on earth—I mean

(*Continued on p.* xi.)

Brixton Theatre, LONDON, S.W.
Sole Lessees and Managers—Mr. E. LOCKWOOD, Mr. FRED. MOUILLOT, and Mr. LOUIS CALVERT.
CLOSED.
Will re-open on August 4th (Bank Holiday) with "THE PRICE OF PEACE."
Aug. 11.—"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."
Popular Prices. Telephone, 350 Hop.
H. ROBSON LAMBERT, Business Manager.

Grand Theatre, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.
July 14th—For Six Nights and Matinee, Wednesday at 2.30, the thrilling Drama, "The Mockery of Marriage." July 21st—For Six Nights and Matinee, Wednesday at 2.30, the ever popular Drama, "East Lynne." Aug. 4th—For Six Nights, Matinee Wednesday at 2.30, will be produced for the first time on any stage, a new and original Drama, "Because I Love You," by J. A. Scudamore. Aug. 11th—For Six Nights, Matinee, Wednesday at 2.30, "The Worst Woman in London." Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. F. HENDERSON. Telephone No. 376 Kensington.

Theatre Royal,
BOURNEMOUTH.
SOLE LESSEE—MR. MOUILLOT.
Always a First-class Company.
Frequent Matinees.

Grand Theatre,
BOSCOMBE.
SOLE PROPRIETOR—MR. MOUILLOT.
Visited by all the biggest productions travelling.

Playgoers who Visit
Eastbourne
Should note that
FIRST-CLASS Touring Companies,
Drama, Comedy, Opera,
are always to be found at the
THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, SAMUEL LLOYD.

LADIES thin of bust through sickness or other causation will find Dr. Brown's unique specific **Ogilato** a great boon. It will positively develop the bust from six to eight inches in one month; THIS GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED. It also quickly fills hollow places in neck and shoulders, makes the skin beautifully white and velvety, and gives to the figure immense charm and grace. **Ogilato** is used by ladies in the highest social circles, and many owe their superb figures to it. Outwardly applied only. Harmless and healthful. Highest medical and society testimonials. Price **6s.** per Jar (sufficient for treatment in most cases), carriage paid. Plain wrapper, with full instructions.—Address, MANAGERESS, IDEAL FORM CO., 5 Albany Mans. (Room 28), Flask Walk, Hampstead, London.

A Delightful Gift Book for Theatre-Goers—
Volume I. OF
THE PLAYGOER.

EDITORIAL NOTES—*continued from p.* x.

paper, I have been content to work with an ordinary pen when such pens as the *Swan* are around. The pen is, indeed, swanlike, for in a graceful and beautiful manner it simply glides over the paper. I agree with Hall Caine, who wrote *The Manxman* with one of these pens, and who declares that they can be used with ease and certainty anywhere, at any time, and in the dark, in bed, or on horseback.

Short Stories

by well known writers will, in future, be included in *The Playgoer's* bill of fare. These tales of the stage and its connections are intended to meet the wishes of many hundreds of readers who, whilst appreciating the heavier matter in the magazine, have suggested that a little light fiction in each month's issue will make *The Playgoer* still more complete and delightful. Mr. John Hollingshead—and what "practical John" doesn't know about the stage isn't worth knowing—contributes the first of these stories, and has given it the curious title of *The Blood Fiend of Wapping*. It is in *this* number, and perhaps you have already perused it. Next month's story, written by Mr. E. Hulme-Beaman, the well known novelist, will be entitled *The Realism of Ralph Merrick*.

The Box Plans

of London Theatres, two of which appear each month in *The Playgoer*, have already brought written expressions of pleasure from several playgoing readers. And why not? With each plan is given the full address of the theatre, its telephone number, and prices of admission, etc.; and, apart from the fact that bound volumes of *The Playgoer* will eventually contain a complete set of alphabetically arranged seat plans, playgoers, particularly those who dwell in the country, but come up to town for their entertainments should find these plans immediately useful.

Have you very carefully considered the especially liberal insurance policy we give to *subscribers*? If you have not done so, read particulars of our offer and fill in form No. 1 on p. xiv, and send it immediately either to your newsagent or direct to our publishers.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

THE Editor of *The Playgoer* is always glad to receive suggestions, and to consider bright articles or paragraphs, with or without illustration. He will not hold himself responsible for contributions submitted, and will not return those which are unaccompanied by stamps, though he will endeavour to return those with which stamps are enclosed, if unable to accept them for publication.

All contributions must be in clearly legible MS. or type-script, and must be on one side of the paper only.

The Editorial and Advertisement Offices of *The Playgoer* are at Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

Telegrams — "Fotometro, London." Telephone — 1926 Holborn.

The Publishing Offices of *The Playgoer* are at 6 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C. Telephone—1926, Holborn.

Will correspondents address editorial matter to the editorial offices, and publishing matter to the publishing offices.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The Playgoer is published monthly, on the 15th of the month; sixpence nett; post free, 8d.; annual subscription, including postage, 8s.

Volume No. 1 of *The Playgoer*, containing the first six numbers, handsomely bound, may now be obtained. Price 5s. nett; post free, 5s. 6d.

Elegant Cloth Binding Cases, to hold six numbers, are supplied at 1s. each; post free, 1s. 2d.

Hotels in Scotland.

GLASGOW, "ST. ENOCH." AYR, . . "STATION." DUMFRIES, "STATION." — *Comfort. Fine Wines. Excellent Cuisine.*

M. & M. RAYNE,
MANUFACTURERS and THEATRICAL OUTFITTERS,
115, 117, and 119 WATERLOO ROAD, S.E.
Costumes, Tights, Symmetricals, Boots, Shoes, Wigs, etc. First Class Work at Moderate Prices.
Opposite Tram Terminus. Telephone, 987 Hop.

"CROWN HEAD" CIGARS.
This Celebrated Brand is now made in Two Sizes:—
Rothschilds, 8/6 box of **50. 4/6** box of **25**} Post
Regalia Chica, 6/- box of **50. 3/3** box of **25**} Free.
Try a Box, and if they do not suit you, return them, and Money will be refunded.
Finest Turkish Cigarettes, 3/- per 100.
Sample Box of 5 Different Cigars, 1s. post free.
Price List of Cigars and Cigarettes Free on Application.
BRACKETT & CO., 15 Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

NEW HERBAL SIMPLES AND COSMETICS.
Cowslip Balm.—This balm acts upon the dry, impoverished, rough or wrinkled skin, curing wrinkles, crows-feet, and all marks of age, giving it new tone, and making the face firm, smooth, and velvet-like. **3/9** per pot or bottle.
New American Treatment for reducing waist, hips, and especially abdomen. Full directions and sufficient herbs sent for a month's home treatment. **5/6.**
Herbal Cream for eczema and skin diseases. **3/9** per pot.
White Rose Lotion.—A warranted cure for all spots, blemishes, freckles, moth patches, liver spots, etc. **3/9** per bottle.
Herbal Hair Restorer.—Warranted to make the hair grow well in one month. **3/9** per bottle.
"Never Fail" Corn Cure. 1/1.
Every article sent free from observation and post paid.
Mrs HOOPER, Upper Walton, Much Marele, Glos.

Biograph Post-Cards.
THE MOST ARTISTIC photographic reproductions of Royalties and Celebrities. Amongst the subjects are Pope Leo XIII., The Prince of Wales's children, Mr. Tree as "King John," Maclay and Sefton as "Hubert" and "Arthur," Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Edna May, Mr. Cyril Maude. To be obtained from all stationers. Send for sample packet of **6**, post free, **7d.**
THE BIOGRAPH STUDIO,
107P REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Holiday Reading

You will get an immense amount of entertainment if you read

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS

A new book is published every three months. They can be obtained from every newsagent, bookseller, and railway bookstall at One Shilling each, or post free from the publishing office for **1/2**, or **4/-** per annum.

TOWN TOPICS PUBLISHING CO., 92 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FOR

PRACTICAL HINTS

ON

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

No photographic periodical equals

The . .

Photogram.

Monthly **3d.**, from newsagents and photo-dealers, or **5s.** per annum, post free, from the publishers,

Dawbarn & Ward, Ltd.,

6 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

Breezy Stories

and

Beautiful Pictures

appear every Month in

The Idler.

"Light literature which has never been trash . . . . rippling humour which has never been coarse or dull."
Vide PRESS.

Monthly, Sixpence.

C. O. Dobell, Watchmaker and Jeweller,

7 Cornfield Road, EASTBOURNE.

PRESENTS

PRESENTS

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery repaired on the premises.

To the Publishers of THE PLAYGOER,
6 Farringdon Avenue, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,

I certify that the form on back hereof has been handed (or sent) to me by a *bona-fide* subscriber to *The Playgoer*: that his (or her) subscription has been paid to me; or that he (or she) is a regular customer, having a running account with me, and that I intend to supply *The Playgoer* for one year in accordance with the order.

Signed .....

(Newsagent's Coupon, see over.) *Address* .....

.....

ESTABLISHED 1892.

"The Isis,"

The Popular Oxford University Paper.

EVERY SATURDAY IN TERM.

Price **6d.**, Terminal Subscription, **4/-** post free.

Each Number contains original, authentic, and up-to-date notes on OXFORD ROWING, OXFORD FOOTBALL, OXFORD SPORTS, GOLF, HOCKEY, etc., by the "Isis" own special correspondents.

"Isis Idols." Smart Character Sketches of Oxford Men. With fine Portraits.

"Heard in the High." 'Varsity Gossip. Reports of the Union Debates, Music and the Drama, etc. Cambridge and London Letters.

Oxford: ALDEN & CO., Ltd., Bocardo Press.

VOLUME I.

OF

THE PLAYGOER

Is Now Ready.

Containing the first Six Numbers.

Price **5/-** net. Post Free, **5/6.**

HANDSOME CLOTH BINDING CASES, TO HOLD SIX NUMBERS, **1/-** EACH.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

As players are generally great travellers, and as playgoers also belong to the travelling community, we have arranged with the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., for a liberal accident insurance policy for our readers and subscribers.

It will be noted that this covers not only railway travelling risks, but also risks in omnibuses, tramcars, and four-wheeled or hansom cabs.

£500 policy for every subscriber.—To those who subscribe to *The Playgoer* for one year we are able to offer a separate insurance policy, available for one year from date of subscribing. Application for this may be made on the following form (No. 1), which must be filled in and sent to a newsagent or to our publishers.

On receipt of the subscription form, the policy will be at once issued. It requires only the signature of the holder to complete it, and is a regular insurance policy which need not be carried upon the person, but may be placed in the holder's safe, desk, or other convenient place.

£100 policy for every reader.—The sum of £100 is assured to the legal representatives of any reader of *The Playgoer* who may be killed by an accident happening to the train in which he (or she) is a *bonâ-fide* paying passenger, provided that his or her name is written in form No. 2 below.

We strongly recommend, however, the *subscriber's* policy for £500, which costs nothing but the trouble of filling up a form and sending it, with subscription, to your newsagent or our publishers.

The Ocean Accident Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

FOR

Personal Accident Insurance.

Fidelity Guarantees.
The Bonds of this Corporation are accepted by all Departments of H.M. Government.

Workmen's Compensation.

Sickness Insurance.

Burglary Insurance.

"Cover-all" Policy for Cyclists.
(Machine and Rider.)

Third-Party Indemnities.

Mortgage Insurance.

River Craft Insurance.

Boiler and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

The Claims for the single year 1901 were
£733,895.

Communications to

The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.,

CHIEF OFFICE: 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.
LAW COURTS BRANCH OFFICE: 27, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

FORM No. 1.—Fill up and send to your Newsagent, or to the Publishers of The Playgoer.

To .....*

(*Newsagent*) .....

Herewith please find six shillings (or eight shillings post free) as subscription to *The Playgoer* for twelve months, commencing with the issue for.....

Subject to the issue to me of a fully-paid policy of Accident Insurance, as per announcement in *The Playgoer*; securing £500 in case of death, and guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* The newsagent must fill in the form overleaf, and forward to publishers of *The Playgoer*, when the Insurance Policy will be sent to the subscriber direct.

This **COUPON-INSURANCE-TICKET** must not be detached.

£100 WILL be paid by **The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited,** CHIEF OFFICE, 36 to 44, MOORGATE ST., LONDON, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ fide* owner of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket if such owner shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any Railway Company's Passenger-Train in which such owner is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger,

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. :—

(*a*) That such death result within one month after the accident. (*b*) That such owner's usual signature shall have been written in ink, in the space provided underneath, before the accident. (*c*) That notice of the accident be given to the Corporation at its Chief Office in London, within seven days after its occurrence. (*d*) That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation; and (*e*) That this Insurance applies only to persons over 16 years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for one month from the date of issue of this magazine.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2 and 3, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 *of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Chief Office of the Corporation.*

Signature .....

THE MOST ASTOUNDING OFFER EVER MADE!

30/- INSTEAD OF **50/-**

An 8-Day Watch!

A MOST CURIOUS & UNIQUE WATCH,

In Real Silver.

Fitted with the best movements, compensating balance, etc. It can be

WOUND ONCE

in eight days.

SENT on APPROVAL.

What could be more fair?

EXACT SIZE.

A Great Success.

You pay £2, 10s. in a shop for an inferior 8-day watch. Inquire into the truth of it!

No 50 per cent. added for easy payments. Such a system is ruinous to

YOU.

An 8-DAY Watch has never before been sold at this price.

SEND AT ONCE—

"NIVEL" WATCH CO.,

ROOM 554, LEADENHALL HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

Since this advertisement has appeared in various papers, hundreds of these watches have been sold, and in every case have given satisfaction.

PLAYGOER COUPON.

The "Nivel" Watch will be sent (by *Reg. Post, free*) on receipt of P.O.O. for 30/-. *if this Coupon is inclosed*, otherwise £2, 10/- will be charged.

Date.....

Deafness.

F. C. Rein & Son,

SOLE INVENTORS, PATENTEES, AND ONLY MAKERS OF THE REAL

Acoustic Instruments

(Invisible and every other kind), for the slightest and most extreme degree of Deafness.

Can be obtained at—

The Paradise for the Deaf,

108 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

PRIZE MEDALS—

1851, 1853, 1855, 1862, 1867, 1873, 1878, 1886, 1892, and 1894.

Chic

A HIGH-CLASS LADIES' JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY

HENRY REICHARDT AND

WILLIAM O'MALLEY, M.P.

EVERY TUESDAY.

A SIXPENNY Paper for TWOPENCE.

"CHIC" has attained more than double the circulation of any existing Sixpenny Ladies' Paper.

BACK NUMBERS OF

THE PLAYGOER

CAN STILL BE OBTAINED.

Principal Contents of No. 1.

The ART OF ELLEN TERRY. By BRAM STOKER.

FIRST NIGHT CRITICISM. By CLEMENT SCOTT.

"THE SILVER SLIPPER." A Souvenir.

CINQUEVALLI, the Great Juggler.

THE STAGE OF TO-DAY.

The HERO PLAYS of MERAN.

THE THEATRES OF GREAT BRITAIN—1. Birmingham.

Principal Contents of No. 2.

SIR HENRY IRVING. By H. J. W. DAM.

THE OLD ADELPHI THEATRE.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES" at the LYCEUM. A Souvenir.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF PLAYGOERS. By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

FAVOURITE ENTERTAINERS—1. Miss Lottie Collins.

THE STAGE OF TO-DAY.

THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

Principal Contents of No. 3.

"THE TOREADOR" at the GAIETY THEATRE. A Souvenir.

THE CENSOR AND THE FIRE HOSE. By CECIL RALEIGH. With Portrait.

SANDOW. The Strongest Man on Earth.

THE "O. P." CLUB.

FAMILIAR FACES.

A NIGHT AT A COVENT GARDEN BALL.

THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE THEATRES OF GREAT BRITAIN—2. Liverpool.

Principal Contents of No. 4.

"THE LAST OF THE DANDIES" at HER MAJESTY'S. A Souvenir.

FAVOURITE ENTERTAINERS—2. Albert Chevalier: His Songs and their Music.

THE PANTOMIMES.

THE ART OF MAKE-UP. By EDITH DAVIDS.

FAMILIAR FACES.

SOME COVENT GARDEN BALL DRESSES.

THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE and UNIVERSITY. By JOHN COLEMAN.

THE STAGE IN PARIS. By B. LANE.

Principal Contents of No. 5.

"BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND" at the VAUDEVILLE. Souvenir.

THE THEATRE IN JAPAN. By CLIFFORD AMYS.

THE GALLERY FIRST-NIGHTERS' CLUB.

A NATIONAL THEATRE.

THE WILD HORSE OF TARTARY. By CLARA MORRIS.

UGO BIONDI.

THE ART AND FASCINATION OF MRS. LANGTRY. By NONEY TERRY.

THE FRENCH STAGE. By B. LANE.

Principal Contents of No. 6.

"ARIZONA" at the ADELPHI. A Souvenir.

THE KING AS A PLAYGOER.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PLAYHOUSE ON MODERN LIFE. By JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

FAMILIAR FACES (Full-page Portraits)—Miss Evie Greene; Mr. Huntley Wright.

A NATIONAL THEATRE. By H. SNOWDEN WARD.

FAVOURITE ENTERTAINERS—3. Marguerite Fish.

THREE PALACES OF VARIETY. By A. C. ARMSTRONG.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

Principal Contents of No. 7.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S Production of "THEODORA." A Souvenir.

"ULYSSES" at HER MAJESTY'S. Full-page Portraits.

FAVOURITE ENTERTAINERS—4. Dan Leno.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at STRATFORD-ON-AVON. By H. SNOWDEN WARD.

THE GREATEST DUTCH ACTRESS. By JAN MALHERBE.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT" IN GREECE.

FAMILIAR FACES (Full-page Portraits)—Miss Nancy Price.

Principal Contents of No. 8.

"A CHINESE HONEYMOON" at the STRAND THEATRE. A Souvenir.

THE THEATRES OF GREAT BRITAIN—3. Glasgow.

PLAYGOING IN AUSTRALIA.

CHARLES LAURI: "The Garrick of Animal Mimes."

THE STAGE OF TO-DAY.

FAMILIAR FACES (Full-page Portraits)—Mr. Arthur Roberts.

THE STAGE IN PARIS.

Principal Contents of No. 9.

"A COUNTRY GIRL" at DALY'S THEATRE. A Souvenir.

HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS IN THE DAYS OF THE KING'S YOUTH. By JOHN COLEMAN.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN. By CLARA MORRIS.

A CHAT WITH MISS CECILIA LOFTUS.

FAMILIAR FACES (Full-page Portrait)—Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

PERZINA'S MONKEYS.

THE STAGE OF TO-DAY.

THE PLAYGOER is published on the 15th of each month, and may be obtained of all Newsagents and Booksellers. Price SIXPENCE nett.

DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 6 Farringdon Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

SEE UNDER Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' PORTRAIT.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

"TATCHO"

The Hair Renewer.

LADY SYKES WRITES:—

Mayfair, W., 14th Jan. 1902.

I can honestly recommend "Tatcho." I have used it for more than two years, and it has really entirely renovated my hair.

"I WAS QUITE BALD."

127 Abel Street, Burnley, Lancs., 13th Jan. 1902.

I have found "Tatcho" I have had from you do me a lot of good, and I thank you very much, for I was quite bald when I got the first bottle. JOHN LEWIS.

"NOW BELOW MY WAIST."

Wendon House, Sutton, Surrey, 13th Jan. 1902.

Following a very severe illness my hair fell out terribly. For eight months I used "Tatcho" twice daily, and for the past five months on alternate days. Now my hair is far below my waist.
L. CORT.

"A CROP OF NEW HAIR."

Rosevale, Shirley, near Croydon,
1st Jan. 1902.

My brother has succeeded in raising a crop of new hair on a spot almost entirely bald since some years past. His success has induced me to give "Tatcho" a trial. S. L. CROOSKEY.

"OTHER REMEDIES ALL FAILED."

Bath College, Bath, Jan. 25th, 1902.

I have used your "Tatcho" for the past year, and find it the only remedy for thin hair. I have tried many other remedies, but they have all failed to do me any good. "Tatcho" is the only one from which I have derived any benefit.
A. THORPE WILD.

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW,"

said **Mr. Geo. R. Sims** to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*; "isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation?"

THE DISCOVERER OF "TATCHO."

SPECIAL OFFER

Conditionally upon this COUPON being forwarded to the Co., together with P.O. for 1/10, the Co. contracts to forward per return, car. paid, One 4/6 Bot. of Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' HAIR RENEWER.
Playgoer—July 1903.

A 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 1/10. Carriage Paid.

"When I discovered 'TATCHO,' continued Mr. Geo. R. Sims, "letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world. The work of answering was enormous, and it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence. In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; **but the demand must be met in the ordinary businesslike way.** So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.

"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

"TATCHO" OFFICES, 81 Great Queen Street, LONDON, W.C.

"TATCHO" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the World in Bottles at 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-

J. T. Bull & Son,

Scene Painters,

HEAD OFFICE:

134 NEW KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

TELEPHONE NO.: 1720 HOP.

HAVING extended our premises, we have now one of the finest painting rooms in London, which will enable us to complete orders for any quantity of scenery at very short notice.

Painting Room:
NEW KENT ROAD.

Scenery on Hire.

Our large stock enables us to stage any Plays, Comic Operas, etc., etc. Over 550,000 feet in stock.

Prosceniums, Drop Curtains, Gas and Electric Fittings, Platforms, Fit-ups, etc., to any size, in stock for hire.

Lime-light supplied for Stage, Balls, Garden Parties, etc.

All Scenery Fireproofed, and all Fittings in accordance with the L.C.C. requirements.

INSPECTION INVITED.

REG. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"SCENEMEN, LONDON."

Manufactory:
MUNTON ROAD.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

Wigs. Costumes.

C. H. FOX,

27 WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Sir HENRY IRVING as "Shylock." The wig by C. H. Fox, of Covent Garden.

Amateur Performances attended in Town or Country, with Wigs, Costumes, Scenery, Properties, Limelight, Make-up, on most reasonable terms. Only Competent Men sent out.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES post free.

"THEATRICALS; or, THE ART OF MAKING-UP," 1/-: post free, 1/1.

Dr. ERASAMUS WILSON'S PURE FACE POWDER, from the receipt of the late Dr. ERASAMUS WILSON, 1/- per Box, White, Pink, or Straw; post free, 1/2. Sample Box free by post, 1d.

PRINTED BY NEILL AND CO., LTD., EDINBURGH.